

ABSOLVENTEN STÄDELSCHULE 2013

„SAY MY NAME,
SAY MY NAME“

MMK
Museum für
Moderne Kunst
Frankfurt am Main

Jonas Kröner

Daniel Hörl

Clementine Coupau

Bianca Baldi

Young-in son

Genovra Filipovic

Jenny Kalliokulju

Young Joo Lee

Erik Gavesson

Melanie Matthieu

Vytautas Jurevicius

Kristian Lundrup Hansen

Anne Kaniut

Oliver Goldmann

Khaled Barakeh

Laura Schawelka

Jannis Marwitz

Seth Pick

Daniel Stempfer

Patrick Keaveney

Elif ERKAN

Moritz Webele

Jol Chomson

Christoph Esser

Flaka Haliti

Zuzanna Ozsajol

Martin Kohout

Sam Siewe

Reni Schohe

Zoe Barcza

Johanna Kintner

Frederic Bülow CERNUS

Franziska von Stenglin

ABSOLVENTEN STÄDELSCHULE 2013

„SAY MY NAME,
SAY MY NAME“

MMK
Museum für
Moderne Kunst
Frankfurt am Main

Copyright and image copyrights —
The authors, artists, photographers and designers, 2013



Staatliche Hochschule für Bildende Künste
Städelschule Frankfurt am Main

MMK MUSEUM FÜR MODERNE KUNST
FRANKFURT AM MAIN

With the kind support of —

ALLEN & OVERY

and —

Städelschule Portikus e.V.

Since 2003, an annual prize is awarded to a graduate student for outstanding work created for the graduation show with the generous support of the Städel

Big thank you —

Susanne Gaensheimer, Christina Henneke, Joseph Isaac, Hanna Nilsson & Rasmus Svensson, Peter Fischli, Brigitte von Trotha-Ribbentrop, Theresa Kampmeier, Nikolaus Hirsch, Tobias Rehberger, Martina Cooper, Sound for Friends, Portikus for hosting our party, Städel

This catalogue is published on the occasion of —

SAY MY NAME, SAY MY NAME

the graduation show of the Staatliche Hochschule für Bildende Künste – Städelschule
Frankfurt am Main at MMK Zollamt, from 17th September – 20th October 2013.

Artists in the show —

Bianca Baldi, Khaled Barakeh, Zoe Barcza, Andreas Bülow Cosmus, Elisa Caldana,
Clémentine Coupau, Zuzanna Czebatul, Elif Erkan, Christoph Esser, Genoveva Filipovic,
Flaka Haliti, Daniel Hörl, Young Joo Lee, Vytautas Jurevicius, Jenny Kalliokulju, Anne Kaniut,
Patrick Keaveney, Johanna Kintner, Martin Kohout, Tonio Kröner, Kristian Laudrup Hansen,
Erik Lavesson, Jannis Marwitz, Melanie Matthieu, Seth Pick, Laura Schawelka, René Schohe,
Sam Siwe, Young-in Son, Daniel Stempfer, Franziska von Stenglin, Jol Thomson,
Moritz Uebele

Curator —

Bernd Reiß, MMK Museum für Moderne Kunst Frankfurt am Main

Published by —

Staatliche Hochschule für Bildende Künste – Städelschule
Dürerstr. 10, 60596 Frankfurt am Main, www.staedelschule.de – www.portikus.de

— *Director*

Prof. Nikolaus Hirsch

— *Artistic Coordination*

Jonas Leihener

and —

MMK Museum für Moderne Kunst Frankfurt am Main
Domstraße 10, 60311 Frankfurt am Main, www.mmk-frankfurt.de

— *Director*

Dr. Susanne Gaensheimer

Designed & edited by —

PWR Studio

Printed and bound at —

Tiskárna Helbich, a.s., Brno, Czech Republic, in an edition of 300 copies

SAY	MY	NAME,	SAY	MY	NAME
Laura Schawelka				7
Melanie Matthieu				10
Daniel Stempfer				13
Patrick Keaveney				16
René Schohe				19
Kristian Laudrup Hansen				22
Christoph Esser				24
Seth Pick				27
Jol Thomson				30
Andreas Bülow Cosmus				33
Vytautas Jurevicius				36
Martin Kohout				39
Sam Siwe				42
Zuzanna Czebatul				45
Elif Erkan				48
Johanna Kintner				51
Bianca Baldi				54
Tonio Kröner				57
Young-in Son				60
Zoe Barcza				63
Elisa Caldana				66
Clémentine Coupau				69
Jenny Kalliokulju				72
Erik Lavesson				75
Genoveva Filipovic				78
Franziska von Stenglin				80
Moritz Uebele				83
Daniel Hörl				86
Young Joo Lee				89
Khaled Barakeh				92
Jannis Marwitz				95
Flaka Haliti				98
Anne Kaniut				101

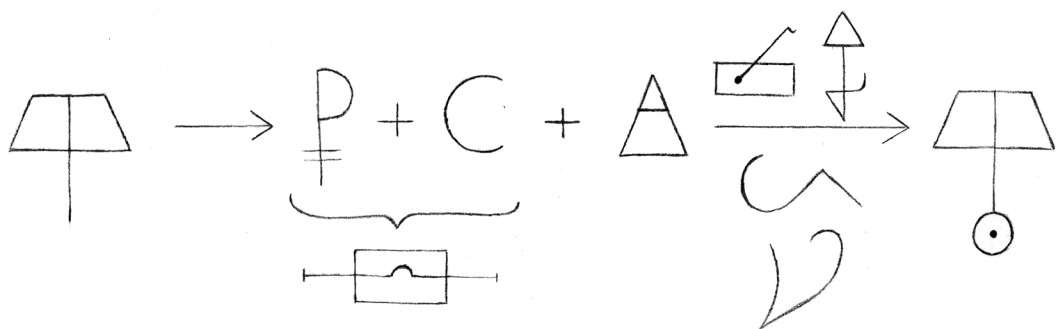
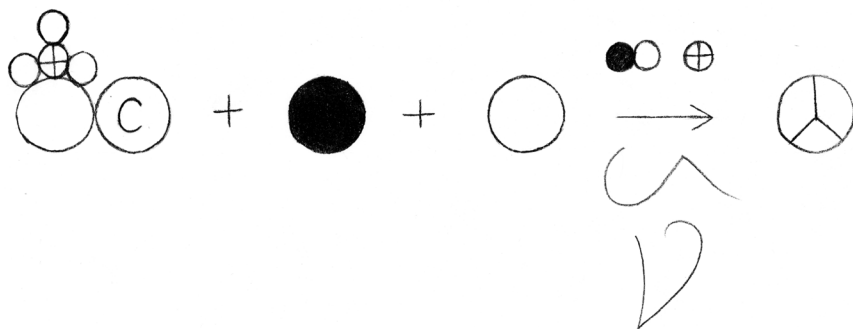
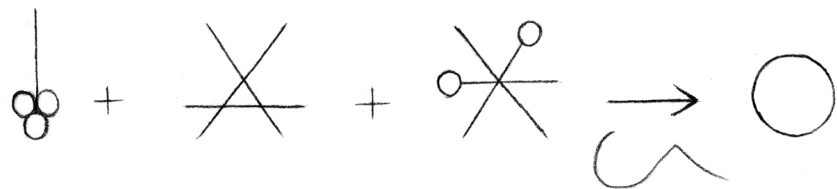
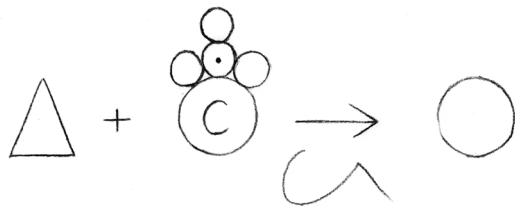




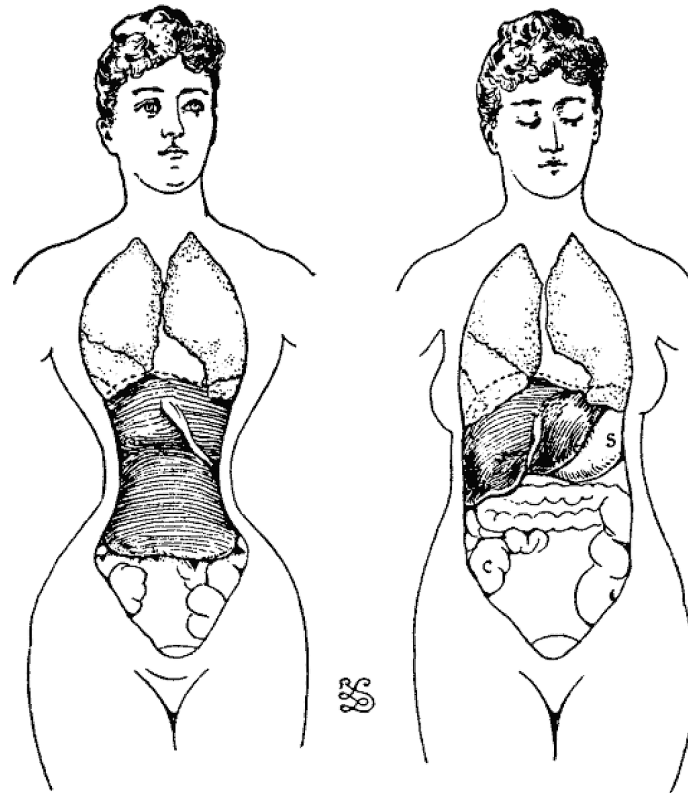


Conscious State

Materialistic;
Neurotic; Fire
needed







DIE ERZEUGUNG DER TAILLE

Zunächst ein Wort über das Material.

Diesbezüglich sind diese Untersuchungen nicht ganz einfach. Ehe man Veränderungen studiert, muß man die Norm studieren und da beginnt eben bereits die Kalamität. Denn selbst die Mädchen der arbeitenden Klassen umgürten bei uns ihre Lenden mit dem Mieder so frühzeitig, so oft und so lange, als es nur angeht, und zwar gerade in jener Lebensperiode, in welcher Skelett und Weichteile besonders leicht modellierbar sind und das Wachstum nichts weniger als abgeschlossen ist. Es wird daher von vorneherein nur in seltenen Ausnahmefällen gelingen, bei erwachsenen Mädchen somatische Verhältnisse zu finden, die nicht bereits unter dem Einflusse des Mieders gelitten haben.

Über den
Einfluss des Korsetts
auf die
somatischen Verhältnisse.

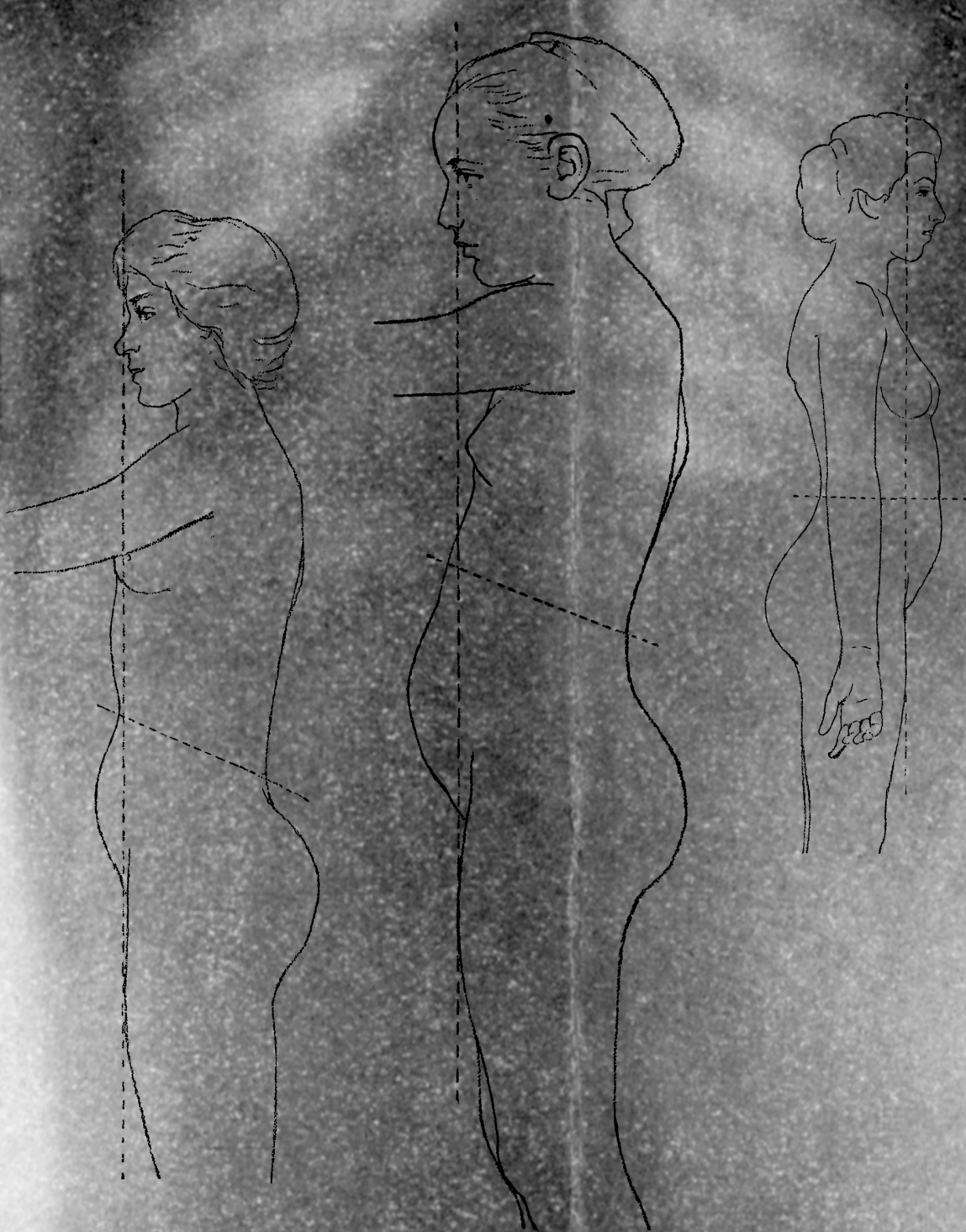
Von
Dr. Oscar Kraus, Karlsbad:

Vortrag,
gelesen bei der Sitzung der Gesellschaft für innere Medizin und Pädiatrie
am 28. Jänner 1904.



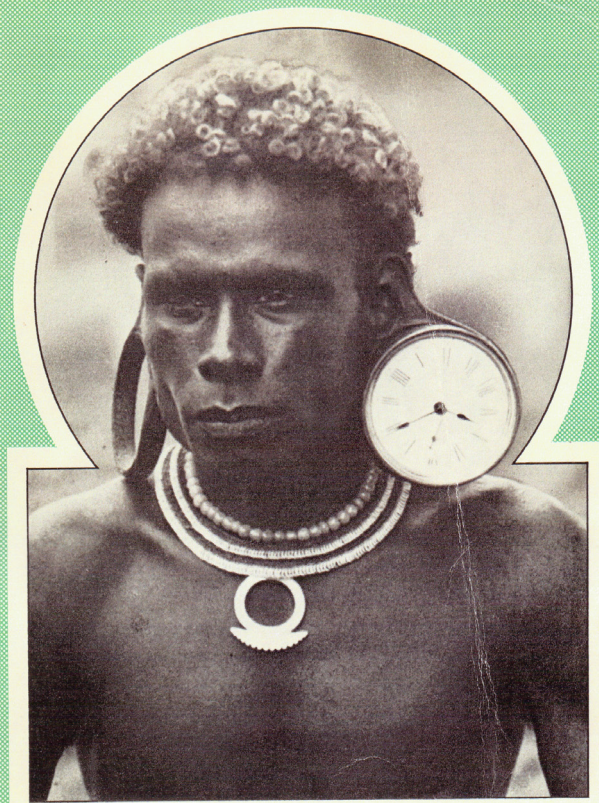
Wien, 1904.

Verlag von **Moritz Perles**, k. und k. Hof-Buchhandlung,
I., Seilergasse 4 (Graben).



Im Augenblicke, da das Mieder ausgehakt wird, erfolgen eine oder mehrere tiefe Inspirationen, die Wirbelsäule sinkt zusammen – besonders die Brustkyphose wird vermehrt – und die freie Hand beginnt unbewußt die Bauchdecken an den Stellen der größten Einschnürung zu reiben und zu kneten. Auch hierfür sind die Ursachen einleuchtend.

Die tiefen Inspirationen entspringen dem Bedürfnisse, die so lange beeinträchtigte Zwerchfellatmung besser in Gang zu setzen. Das Zusammenknicken der Wirbelsäule rührt daher, daß die Rückenmuskeln im Korsett ebenso atrophisch geworden sind, wie etwa die Muskulatur eines eingegipsten Beines. Sie versagen den Dienst. Und die Massagebewegungen lassen sich jenen vergleichen, die ein Gefangener ausführt, wenn man ihm die Fesseln abnimmt: er will in den gedrückten Partien die Zirkulation wieder in Gang bringen. Diese einfache Beobachtung, die jedermann anzustellen in der Lage ist, wird die Wirkung des modernen Mieders richtig deuten lassen.



Poesin måste göras av alla! Transform the world!
Förändra världen! Poetry must be made by all!

Moderna Museet Stockholm 1969

From: Ronald Hunt
Subject: Re: THANK YOU
Date: 6 November 2012 15:36:34 GMT+01:00
To: patrick keaveney

Back to the 60's

The light bulb flickered for a year or so before staying on
Never having been a student ,going to Newcastle was an eye-opener. In
the V + A no one spoke politics.

But they did in Ncle. I remember clearly asking a friend what were
his politics - and got the answer - Lapsed Anarchist.

It got me reading socialist history. But it seemed pretty boring.

But I read on and came across SDS - (Students for a Democratic
Society) in the States. They had restaged the Dadaists Barres Trial
with some US figure in the dock. Astonishing - Dada alive and biting.

There was also the Free Speech Movement over there. Made one realise
that Speech wasn't really free.

Another episode I remember was an Architectural Conference -
Architectural Students in Berlin hung a banner - Stop Building - All
buildings are beautiful. (Implying something else mattered)

Culture was under attack as it had been in the 20's

Then there was Vietnam - and opposition was taking place all over the
world. Patriotism was a dirty word.

As was Capitalism - which wasn't something neutral - but the system we inhabited.

And it had its critics - not the the old CP'ers but people like
Marcuse. And they didn't talk Surplus Value - but culture in the widest
sense.

I think he was - at least for me - and many more I suspect - very important.

It all added up - this was and is - a system of repressive tolerance
and it extended into everyday life . And that system was widespread -
the Western world. So opposition was - as with the War -
International.

It seemed every day one felt connected to a disturbance - some
eruption - transgression. be it in the States, Australia, France etc.

This was Marcuses Great Refusal. Okay so he got it wrong about
Students being the new proletariat - but that idea linked us . (And
some others had got the mission of the Proletariat wrong)

As I said in the Art + Educ piece - you might not agree with a lot of
these opposition movements - aesthetic, sexual, political etc - but
there was a general feeling we were all pushing in pretty much the
same direction.

There seemed to be a general recognition that Tomorrow wasn't
necessarily another version of today.

And those moments of transgression gave one a real high. It was a
period of sloganeering - but that seemed part of the urgency. Ah Youth

I feel I should go out and do some graffiti tonight.

Sorry Patrick I can't write this without lapsing into 60s ees

So .

Tell me about Tsagi etc.

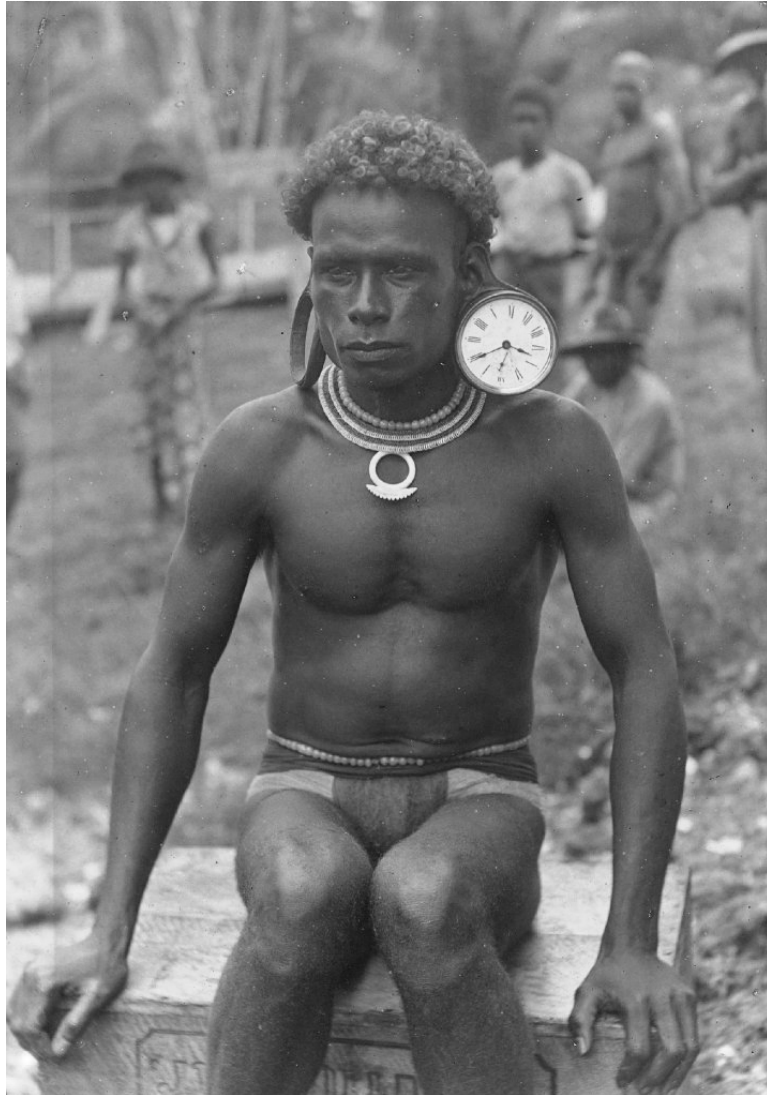
Let me know if I can send you Annas booklets?

Keep in touch

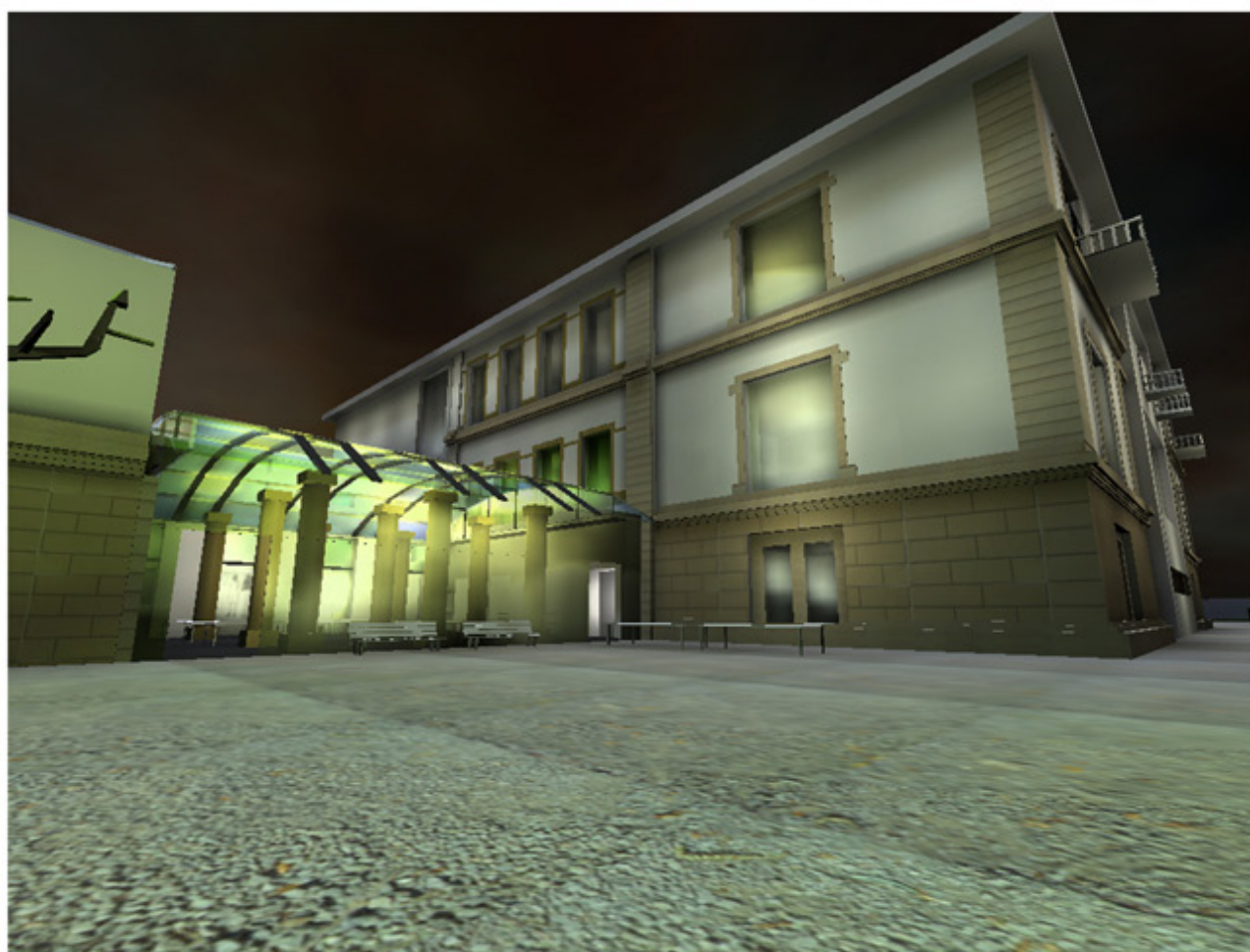
Bests

Ron





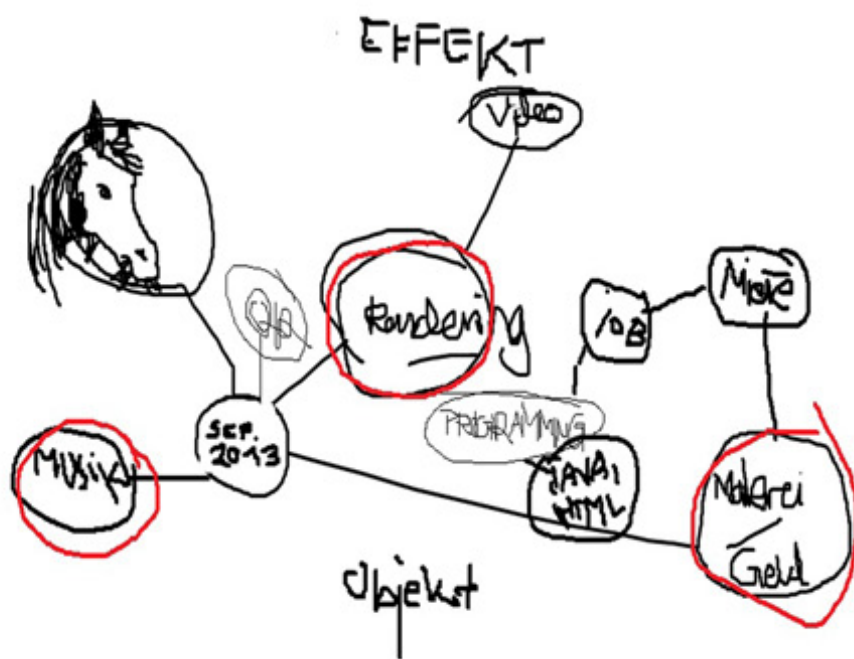
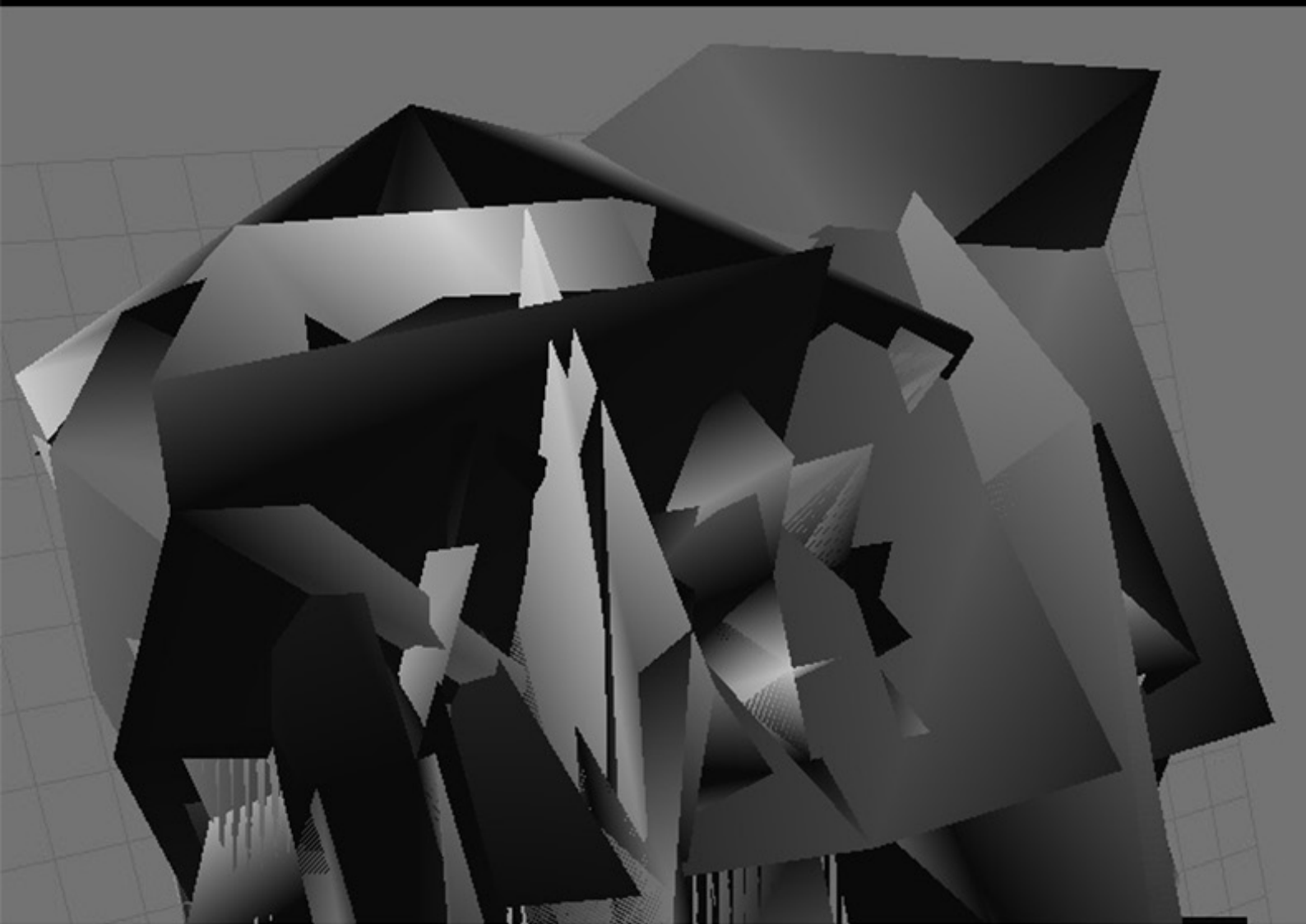




LEVEL COMPLETED

proceed? yes
no











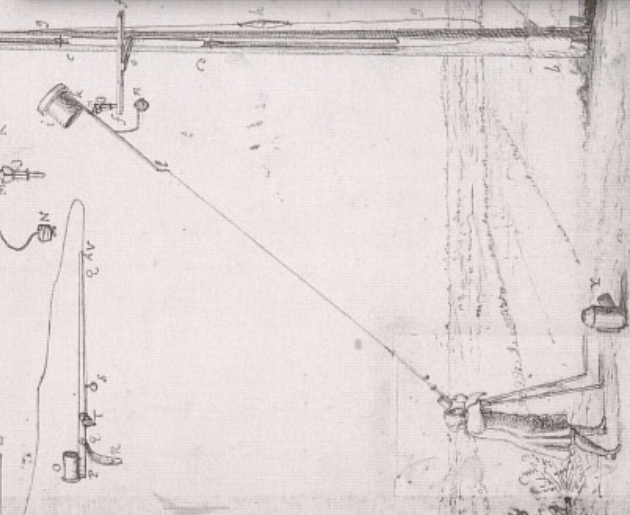
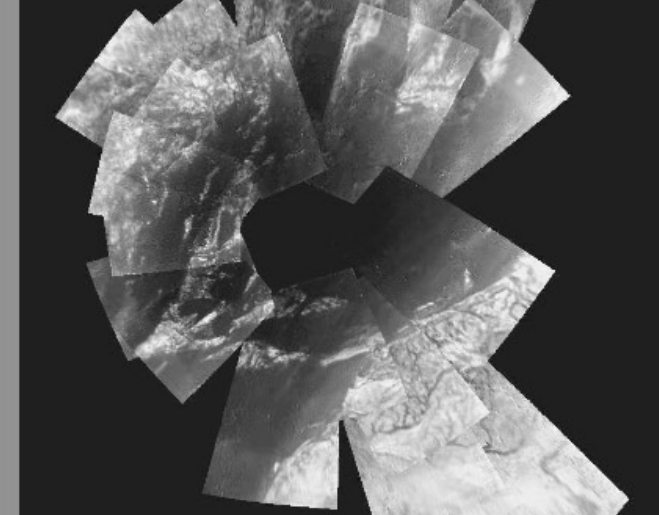
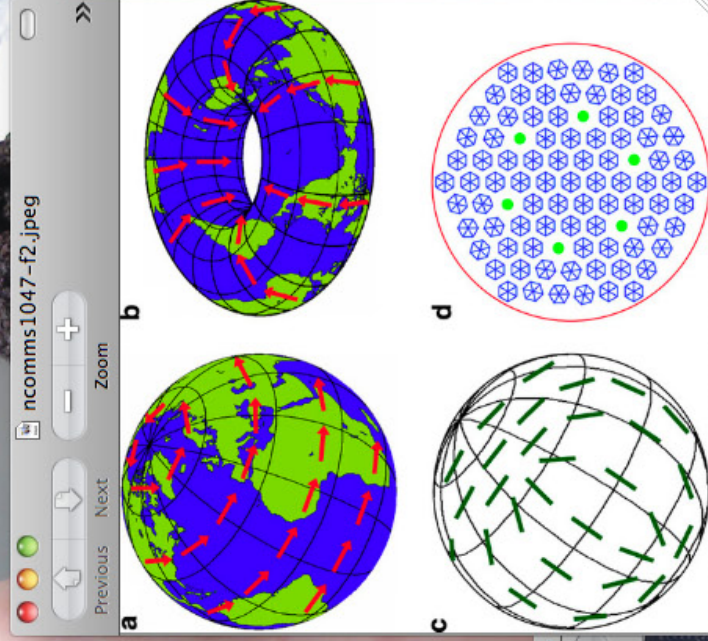
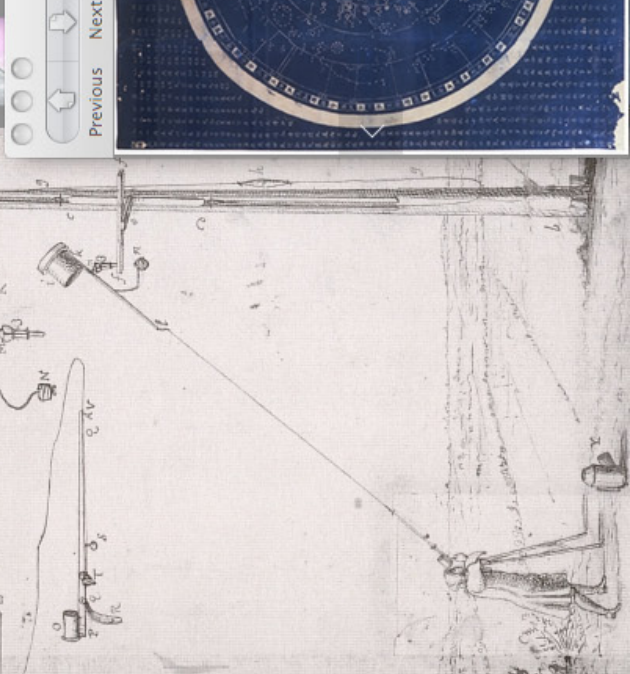
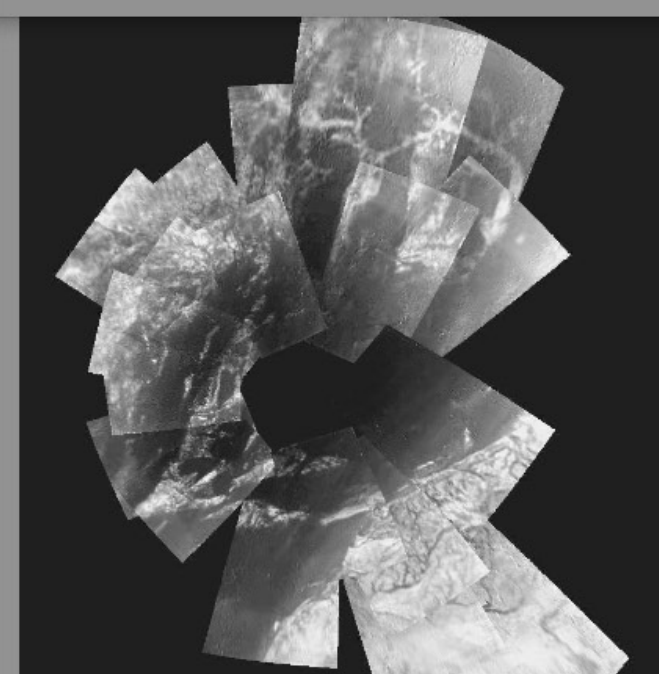
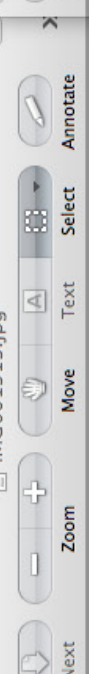
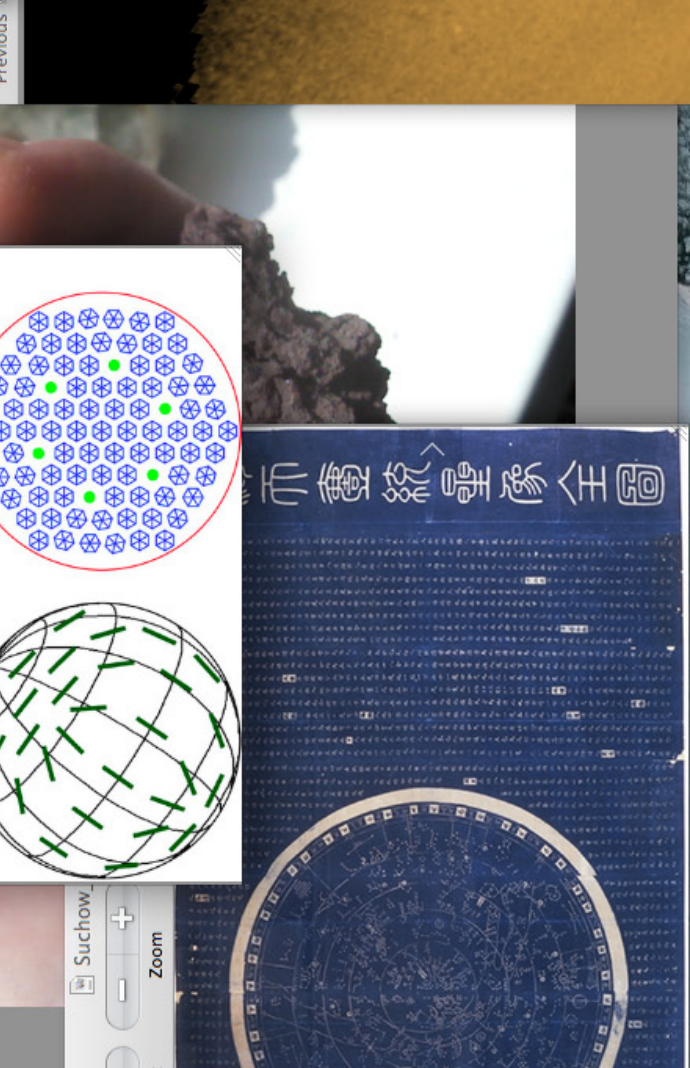
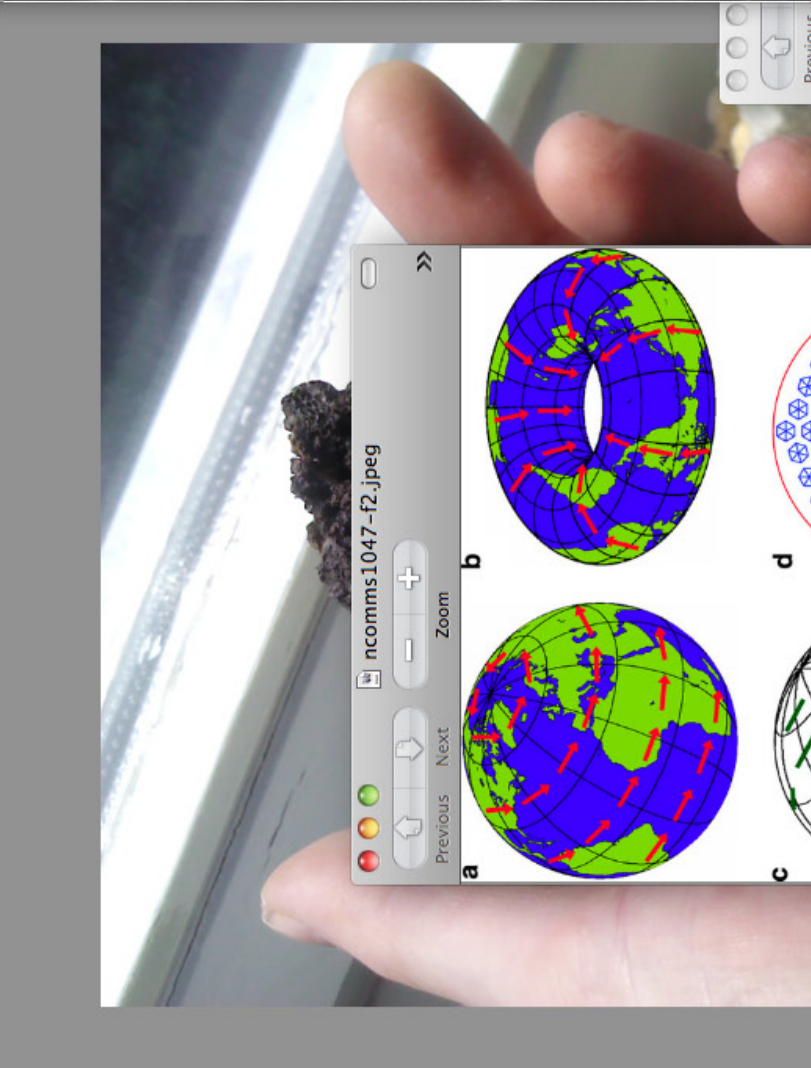
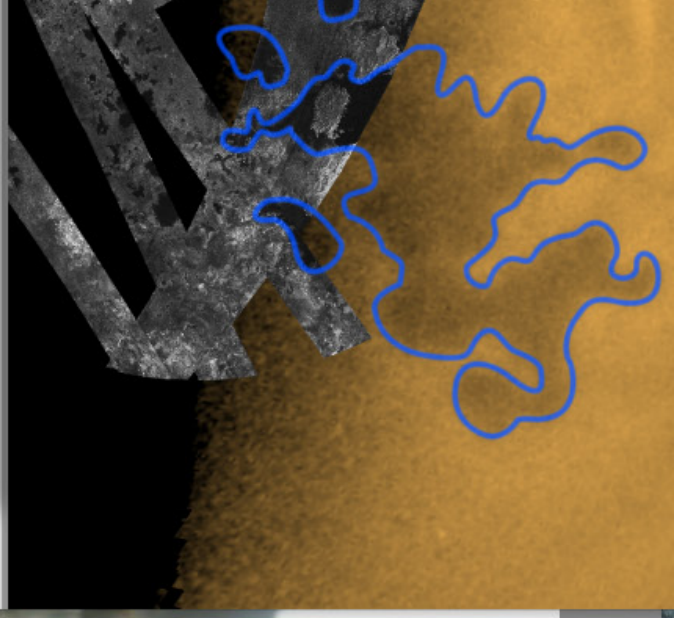
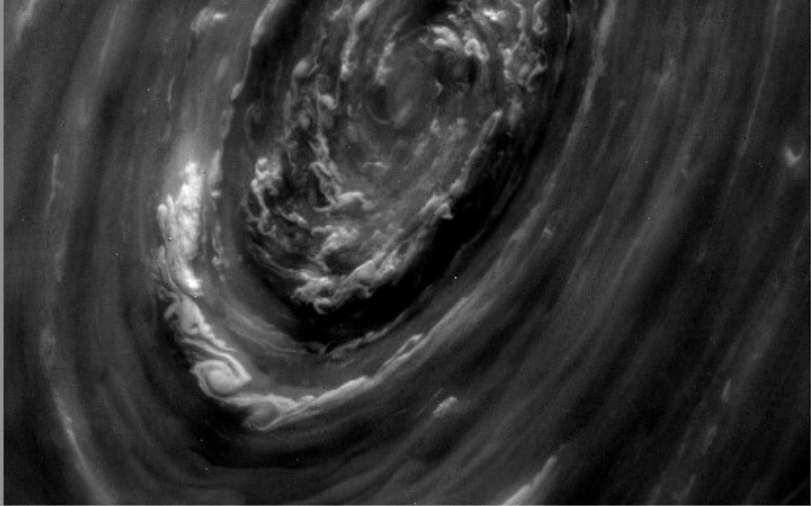










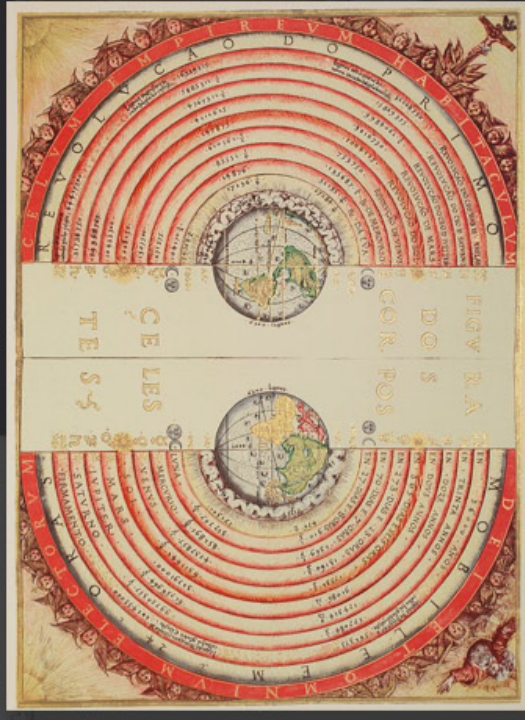


Screen shot 2013-08-23 at 12:28:12 AM

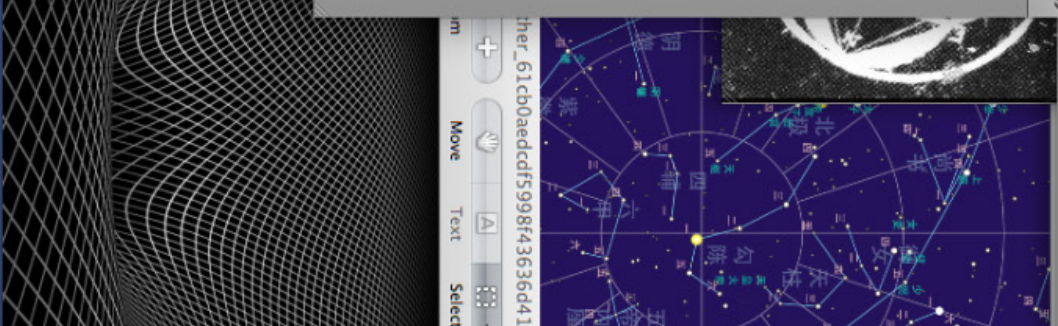
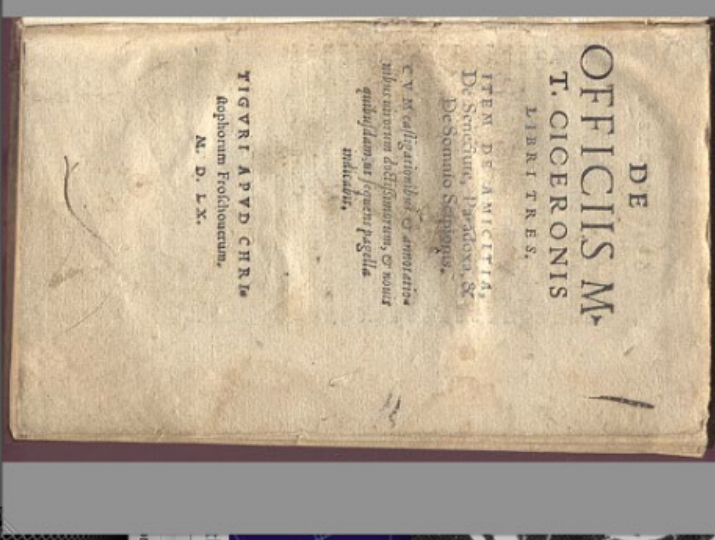
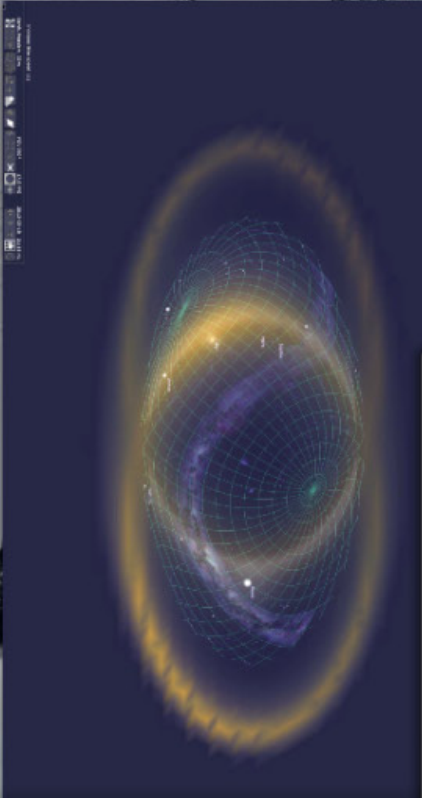
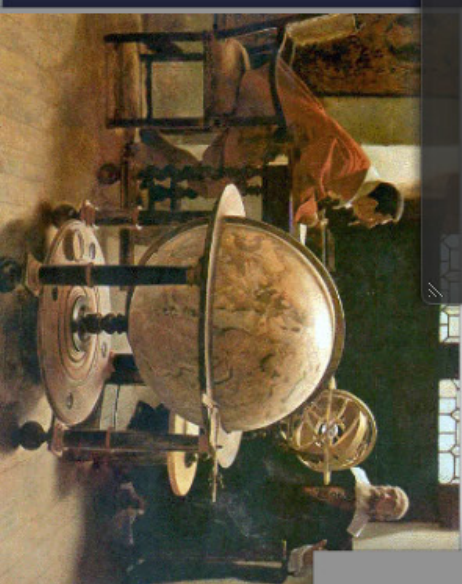
Screen shot 2013-07-19 at 12:03:43 PM

derited "residence," unencumbered by the long v
customs and rhythms that reached far back into p
The first requirement of capitalism, he wrote, was th
tion of the relation to the earth. The modern fac
emerged as an autonomous space in which the organ

Cicero_de_officiis.jpg



BARTOL-1.jpg





IMC_20130818_155401.jpg

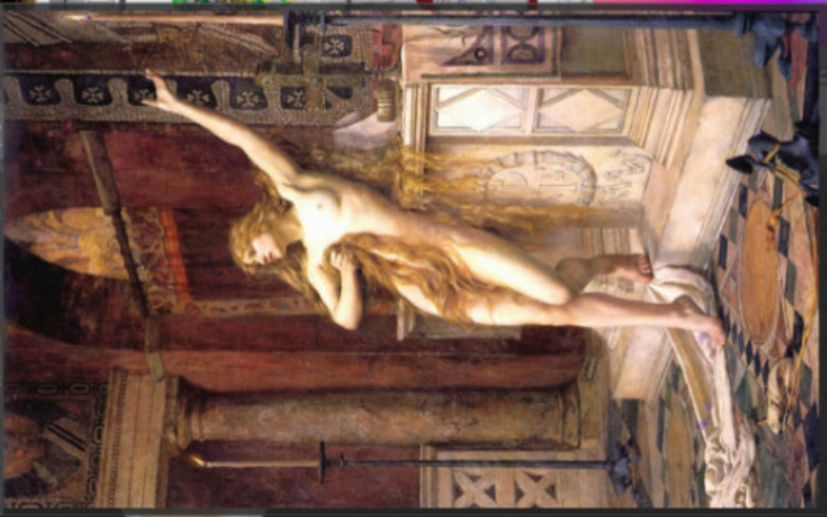
Previous Next Zoom

The basic ingredients of reality

UP	DOWN	STRONG	WEAK	EM	GRAVITY
u	d	g	W	H	
c	s	b	W	H	
t	b	g	W	H	
f	b	g	W	H	
τ	ν _τ	g	W	H	
ν _μ	ν _τ	g	W	H	
ν _e	ν _τ	g	W	H	

MIND MATTER

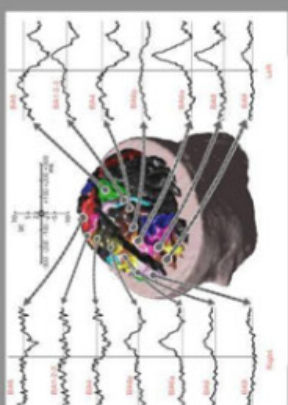
Hypatia (Charles William Mitchell).jpg



Units in geochronology and stratigraphy ^[1]			
Segments of rock (strata)	Time spans in geochronology	Notes to geochronological units	
Eonothem	Eon	4 total, half a billion years or more	
Eratthem	Era	10 total, several hundred million years	
System	Period	tens of millions of years	
Series	Epoch	millions of years	
Stage	Age	subdivision of an age, not used by the ICS timescale	
Chronozone	Chron		

Screen shot 2013-08-04 at 2.43.55 PM

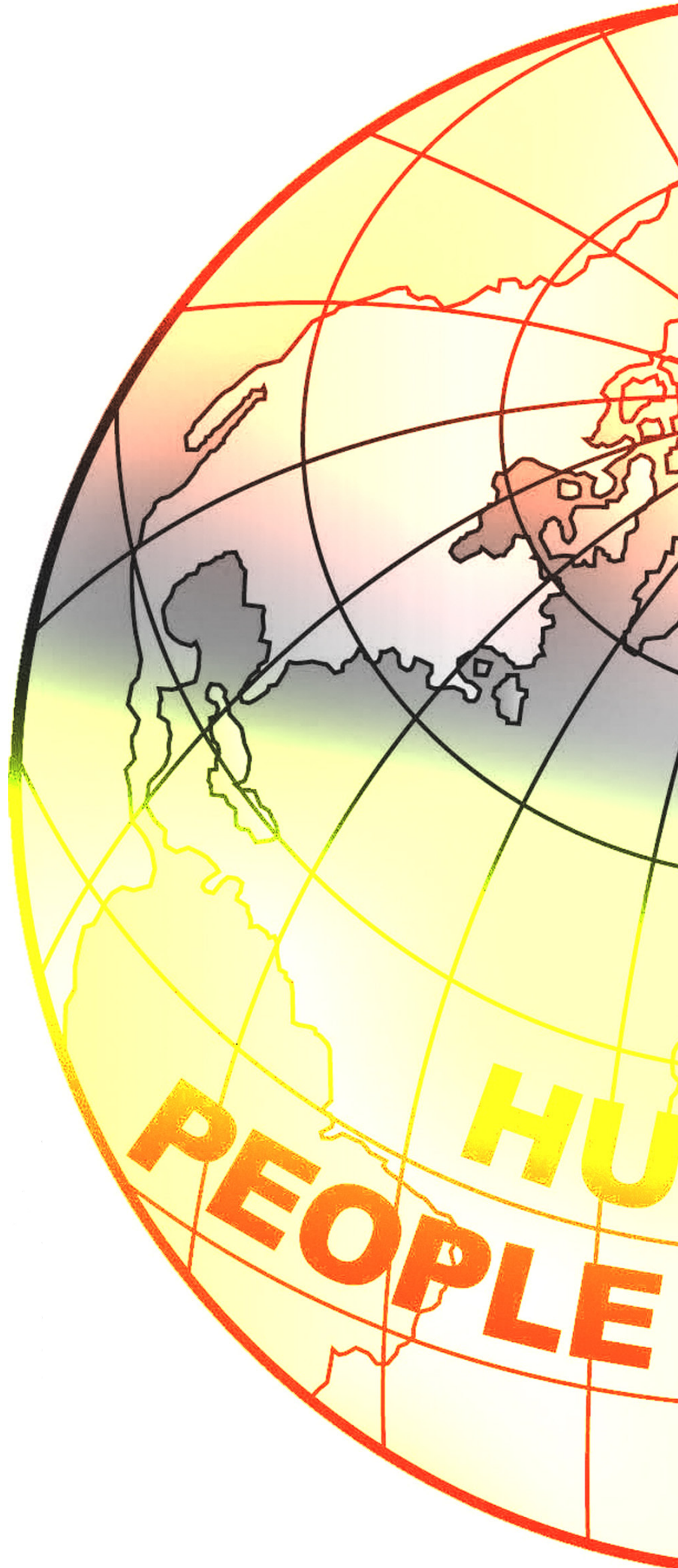
eeg.jpg



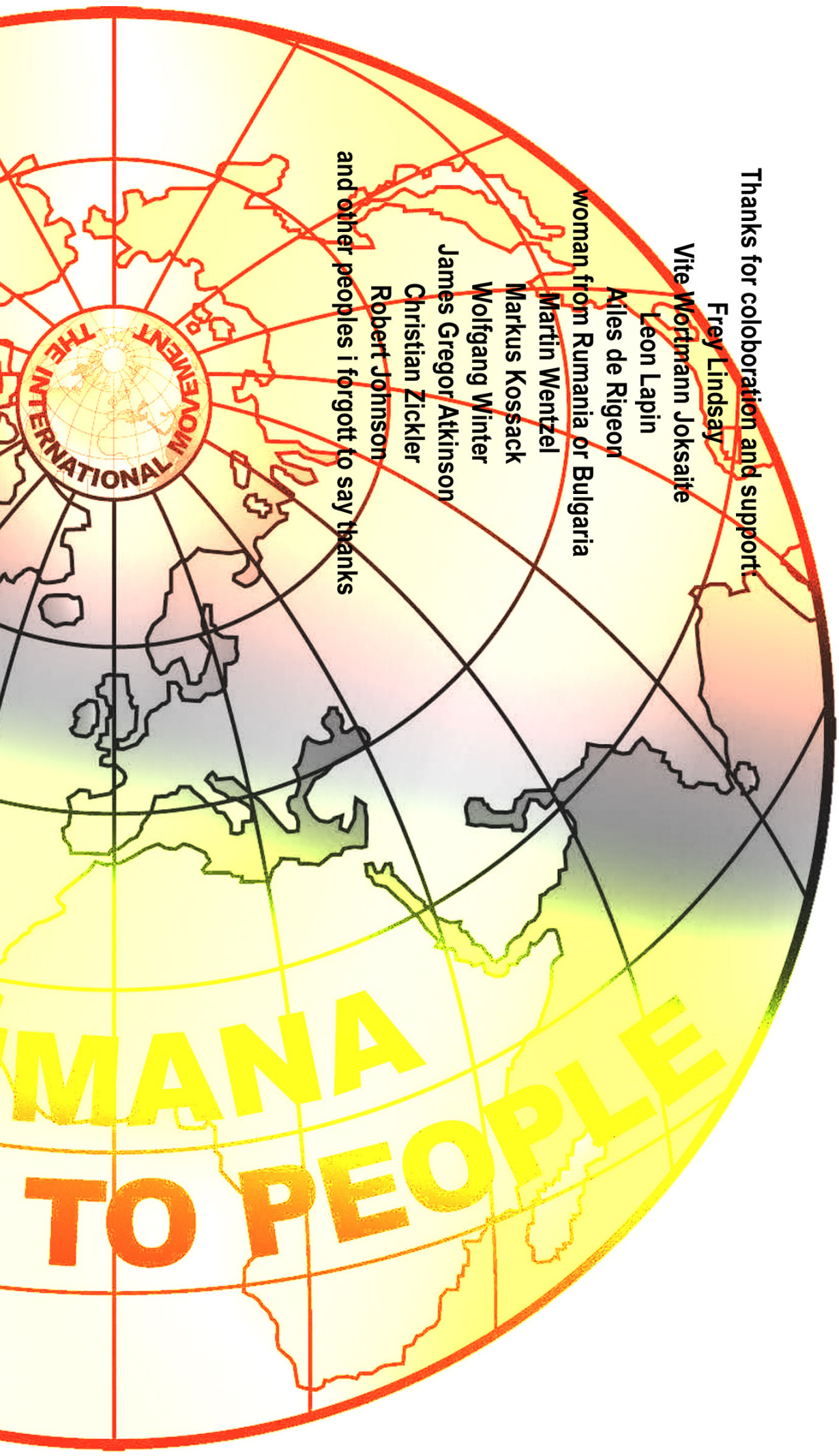








Click to enlarge



Thanks for coloboration and support!

Frey Lindsay

Vite Wortmann Joksai

Leon Lapin

Ailes de Rigeon

woman from Rumania or Bulgaria

Martin Wentzel

Markus Kossack

Wolfgang Winter





James Gregor Atkinson

Christian Zickler

Robert Johnson

and other peoples i forgot to say thanks

RUMANIA
TO PEOPLE



 Gyvenimas tai laivas, jo kapitonas tu,
 laimingesi jį vairuotki gyvenimus


 kelis!

Vardas, pavardė: Vytis Jokšaitis

kiek metų: 13

kokie klase: 7a

Adresas: Deberijos 4-35

Mylimasis pupe: Roxette, "Joyride"

Mylimasis gyvūnas: kate

Ar tu už Lanolbergi, už lanolbergi
 ar už Brasavskę:

Bruno Latour

OP

Latour, Bruno
 (anglų vertimas)

Malachius



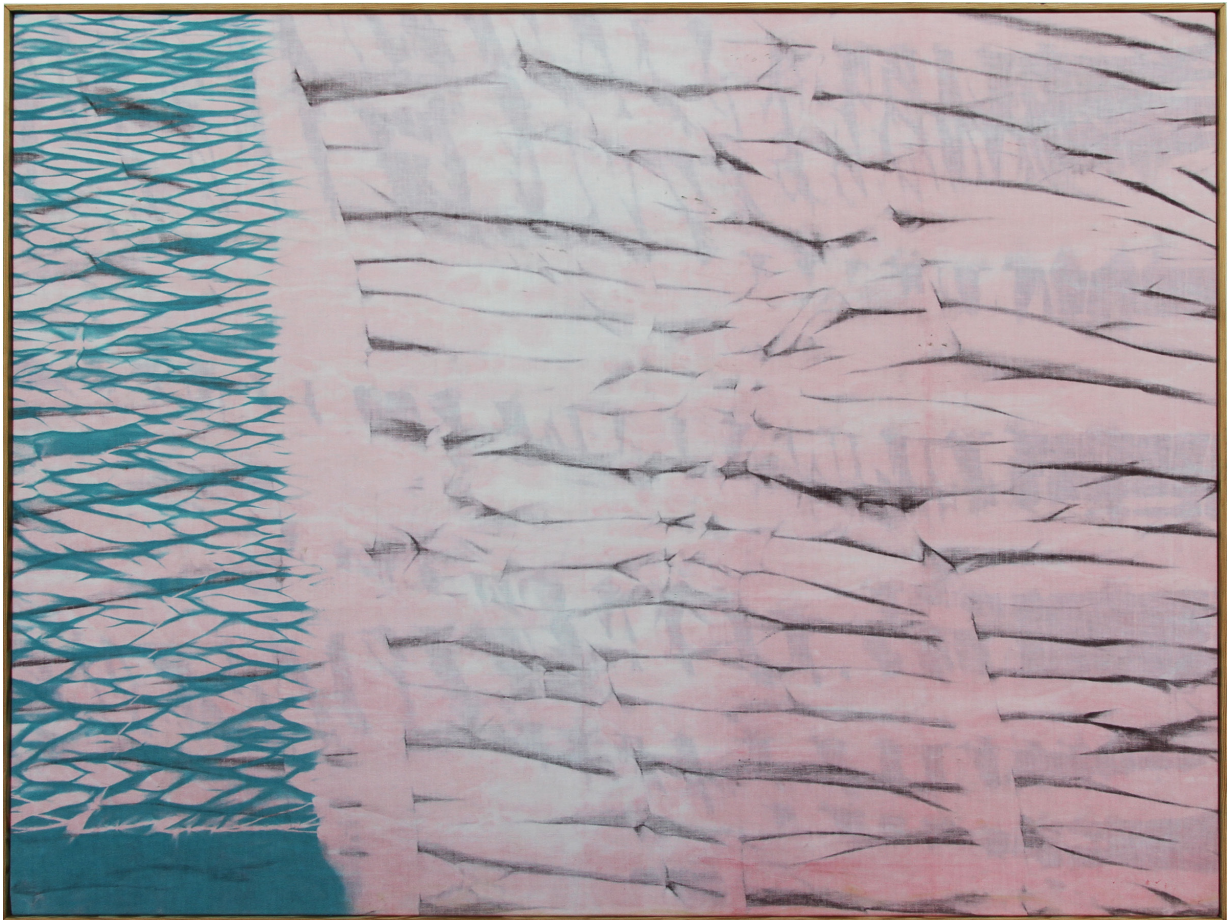
Heimlich und Frauen
 Helmut



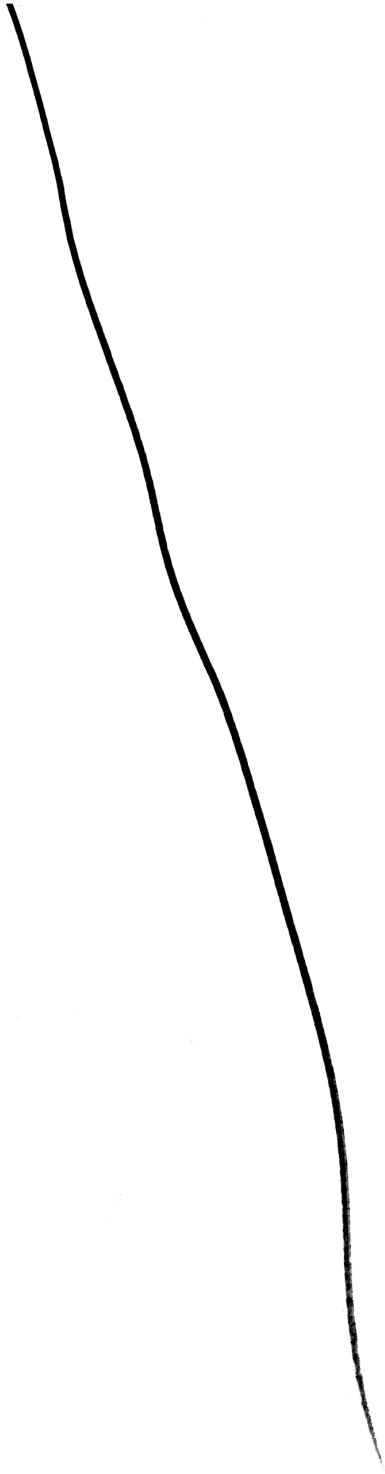




















7.

Longhi



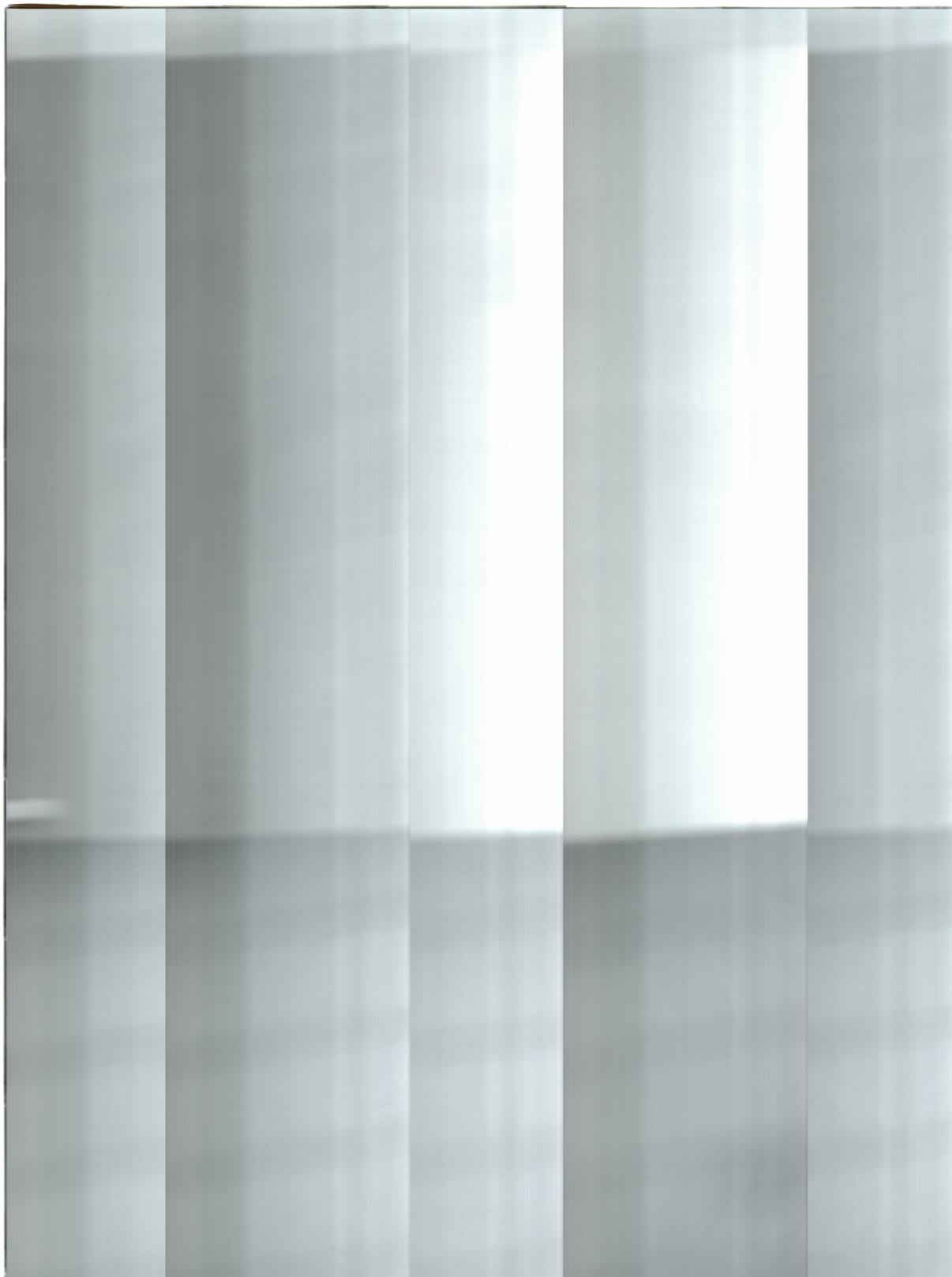
Curses for you and the summer

You will look into the sun and your eyes will be covered by white frost.

You will lie on the floor to cool your body and the sky will lay itself onto you in all its heaviness.

The birds will remain the only thing you are interested in and during the summer all of them will die (because of missing rain).

You will watch the sky and the moon will be the most elegant thing you have ever seen.





124-125. THE DYING CAPTIVE. 1514-1516. Paris, Louvre

124-125. DER SICH ERGEBENDE SKLAVE. 1514-1516. Paris, Louvre



126. HEAD OF THE DYING CAPTIVE. Detail of Plate 125

126. KOPF DES SICH ERGEBENDEN SKLAVEN. Detail von Tafel 125







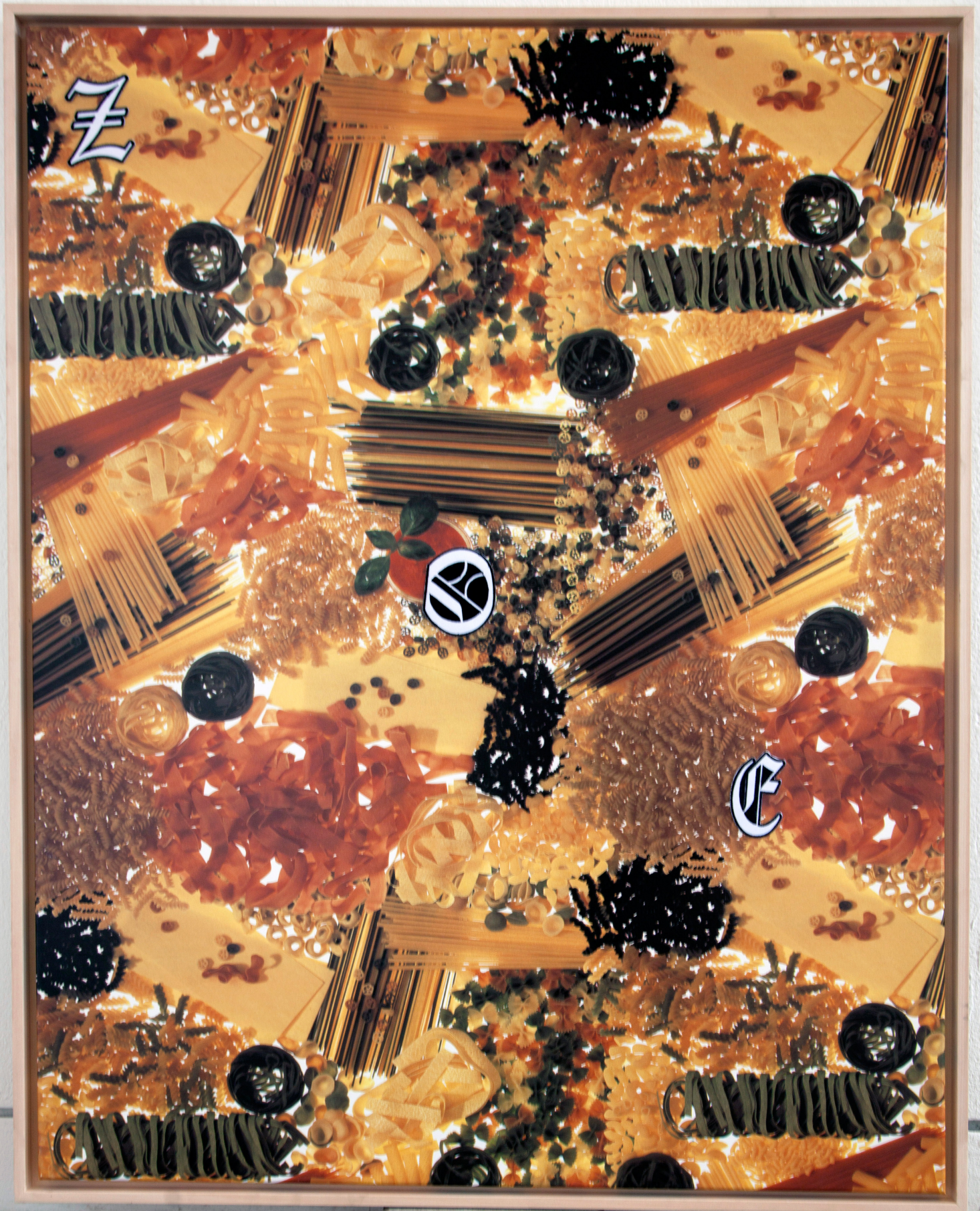












BBB Brothers & co
Den Brielstraat 10-3
1055RV Amsterdam

Gerrard Ray Wijnstroot

Laing's Nekstraat 46
1092GX Amsterdam
Nederland

Tel 06 87 288 571
Fax
E-mail Gerrard.Wijnstroot@gmail.com
Website
Bank 17.70.16.316
IBAN
KvK 56037742
BTW nr. NL658592555B01

Factuur

Factuurnummer: 1069

Factuurdatum: 24-07-2011

Omschrijving	Totaalbedrag
Re-write and Adaptation of Kubrick's Dr. Strangelove Screenplay to Stage play First Draft - Commence (3 weeks)	150
Project (Concept and Design) for a Rotating Stage	130
Making of Props: Finger, Ring - cast in different sizes (1 week) Tot. 15 (x2) props	120

Totaal exclusief BTW	€	400,00
BTW 19% exclusief	€	76
Totaal te voldoen	€	476,00

July 24, 2011

Gerrard R Wijnstroot
Laing's Nekstraat 46
1092GX Amsterdam

BBB Brothers & co
Den Brielstraat 10-3
1055RV Amsterdam

Dear Aaron and Rikard:

I am writing this letter to express the reason for my disappointment. My initial enthusiasm at working as your assistant became deeply frustrated by your tendency to be inconclusive on numerous occasions. Some examples follow.

On November 2, 2010, we shot the first scene of the movie you wanted to make. At your request, I organized a black-box-studio. I found a room at Cruquiusweg and built a set with black velvet curtains and a mirror. The camera was supposed to move from darkness to a mirror showing a cut finger with a ring on it. Since you didn't know who was going to wear the ring, I made several props, also at your request. I made many casts of fingers in different sizes and a ring cast in many different sizes as well. After we shot the first scene, you said you expected the rest of the movie to follow naturally after the first scene was shot. You didn't know what the movie was about; you only knew the opening scene. The other technicians and I were asked to continue shooting even though you gave us no direction and we didn't know what to shoot.

On January 24, 2011, the new staff gathered at the shooting site where you planned to start another movie project. You had called some of the most famous beautiful actresses in the Country, and you had an entire troupe working for you using the latest technology. It was at that point that you finally said you did not have enough money to actually make the movie. As a result, people who had come from all over the Country for you had no choice but to return to their homes.

Lastly, and most importantly, on June 21, 2011, you asked me to write a script for a contemporary stage play adaptation of Dr. Strangelove with a rotating set. I was about to finish the first draft of this script when I told you I would not finish the job unless you paid me this time. A few days later, you informed me that you had transferred the project to someone else, a musician, whom you had asked to rewrite the same script from the beginning.

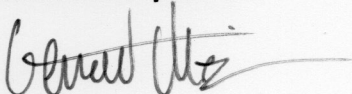
I accepted the job as your assistant because I liked your projects and ideas. Nevertheless, I do not foresee any possibility for us to work together again in the future. I am very disappointed that I was treated with so little consideration after so many years of assisting you. I also want to let you know that I finished re-writing the script and intend to continue with the project independently. The mirror and the black curtain were sold, but I know you kept most of the other props that I made. I would love to have them back.

You can find copies of the receipts attached to this letter for the promised compensation that I expect. You can reach me via email at gerrard.wijnstroot@gmail.com or telephone at 0031 687288571.

I hope to hear from you as soon as possible.

Sincerely,

Gerrard R. Wijnstroot



September 07, 2011

Mr. Gerrard R. Wijnstroot
Laing's Nekstraat 46
1092GX Amsterdam

Dear Mr. Wijnstroot,

Thank you for contacting us about the problems you experienced when you were working with us. I appreciate the opportunity to respond and I am sorry for the delay in getting back to you.

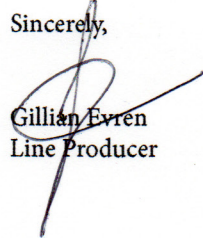
First, you have every right to expect to work in a supportive environment and to want your work to be recognized and valued. From your comments, I can appreciate how difficult it was for you. I am sorry we didn't acknowledge your value to us earlier. Please know that we do evaluate our company performance on every level so your feedback in this matter has been helpful to us.

Second, your request for compensation for all the work you have done for us on many occasions is understandable. I am sorry we weren't able to fully reward you for your work in a shorter time. However, assistants do not receive compensation from BBB Studios-Productions for costs resulting from unfinished projects, or poor quality work or failures under circumstances beyond our control.

Third, I can understand why you would request to have your productions returned and your decision to stop writing the script we had commissioned instead of going forward with it. The several props you produced for us in the past are now our property, are part of the Brother's private collection and can't be returned to you. Regarding your script writing, we do not reimburse for the cost of work that for some reason has not gone into production. Neither do we pay for the cost of other matters that you might have arranged for on your own.

Overall, your prior work was much appreciated by our company. Therefore, please use the certificate I'm providing to help with your expenses. This is our complete response to your letter and requests. We do encourage you to work with BBB Studios-Productions in the future under more favorable conditions. Best wishes on your continued success.

Sincerely,

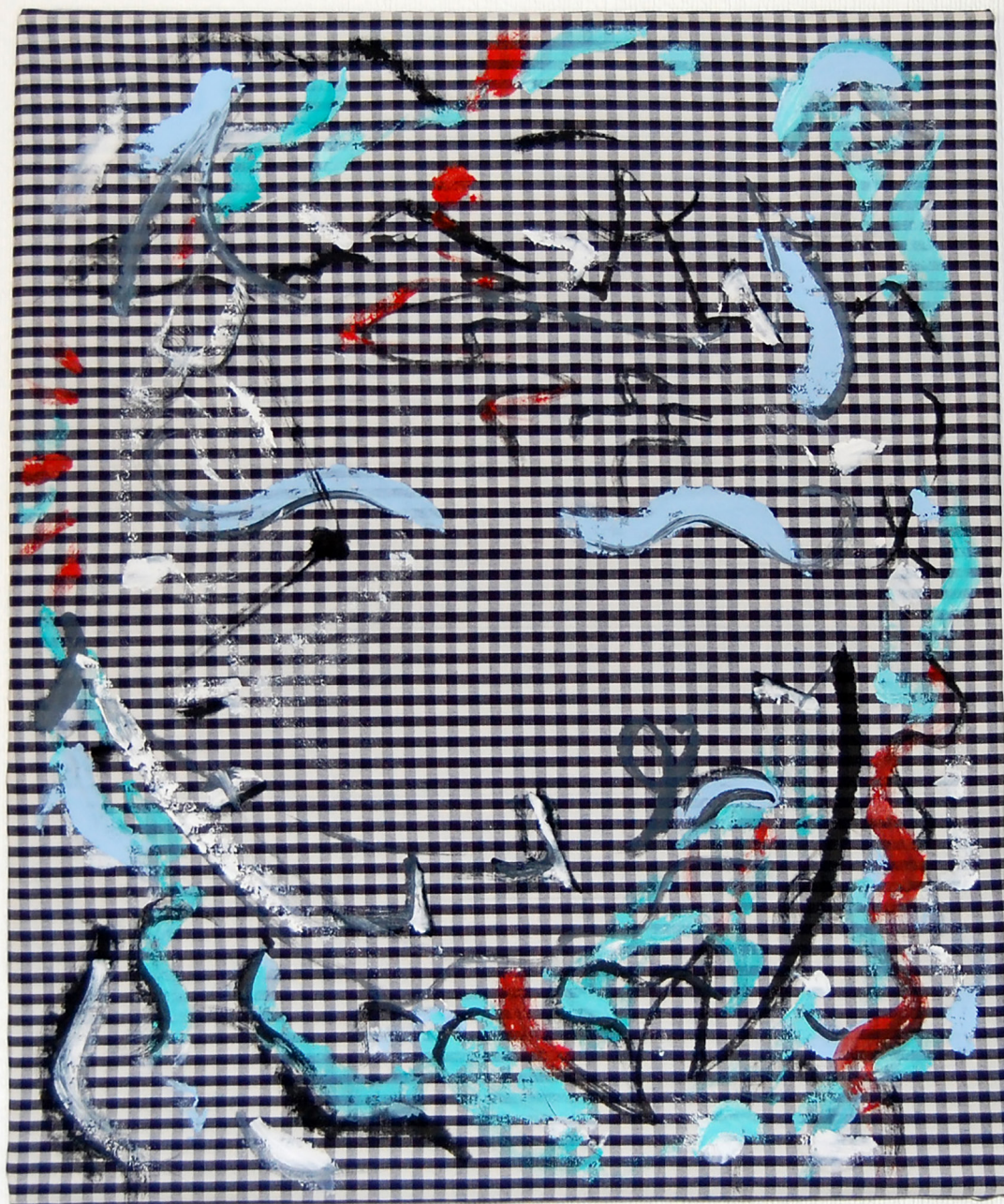

Gillian Evren
Line Producer

Enc.
Ref#:1070551B













Der arme Käferfreund (2013)

“I couldn’t help but notice your pain.”

“My pain?”

“It runs deep, *share it with me!*”

Pffff... I’m Käfer Sutherland. I directed a movie called *Der arme Käferfreund* in 2013. I am a producer, director and amateur professional. I grew up in Erie, Pennsylvania on Marcel Proust and Batman comics.

Now, this is where I live and there’s some guy following me around with a camcorder, which is great. It gives me a chance to tell you what I really think this movie is about. Any film with a title like this conjures up images of the kind of movie where you kick back and watch them slugging it out on the screen. In this case that’s partially but not entirely true. It also deals with more cosmic themes, more serious aspects of the human condition. Like perception, and how it changes depending on the angle we’re watching from. In other words, illusion and reality. It’s also about our chronic paranoia.

A paranoia that is born out of an inability to control our own lives and destinies. It’s not the kind of paranoia they put you in rubber rooms for, but the kind you feel when you find out your boss and your assistant had lunch together and nobody told you. Or the way you feel when you find out your wife and your best friend used to go out together. Or when you play poker with strangers who keep winning. Or when you arrive in Belgium and find out the women’s bathroom is at the end of a corridor of urinals. Or when the waiter gives you a Martini with an onion instead of an olive and you hadn’t ordered anything in the first place.

It is a paranoia born out of our inability to connect with other people in a satisfying way. There are rumpus room dinners where we have to fight for survival just so we can stay on the grid (are you available?). We have to wade through mud to get a point across (come crawl with me) or dis-

engage completely in order to still remain present (am I discoverable?). Two years ago we had a formal informal meeting-dinner where this new film project was discussed for the first time. Present was myself, a potential investor, a representative from the production company and my assistant with three of his friends. We wanted to make something that was about paranoia and that would feel like a road movie. We all agreed that the best example was the remake of *Dead on Arrival: D.O.A* (1988).

Rudolph Maté had already made a paranoid classic in the original *D.O.A* (1950). Frank Bigelow (Edmund O’Brien) finds himself lethally poisoned after a night out on the town and with only a few days left to live he must struggle to catch his own killer. This was the basis of the Annabel Jankel and Rocky Morton remake starring Meg Ryan and Dennis Quaid. Jankel and Morton had just enjoyed a zeitgeist success with the cyberpunk television series *Max Headroom: 20 Minutes into the Future*. Jankel would later go on to direct important work for herself, Coca-Cola, Elvis Costello, Miles Davis, Speedo, Donald Fagen and Greenpeace.

The two *D.O.A* movies are very different from each other except for the paranoid main ingredient. Waking up after a night of oblivious drinking, the protagonist is not only hungover, but intoxicated with a luminous (neon green) and lethal poison that unlike the Martinis doesn’t possess the antidote of water, lemon and most notably time. In the 1950’s version, Frank Bigelow is a small-town accountant looking to have some fun for a change and is punished accordingly. Dexter Cornell (Dennis Quaid) however, is an English professor at a Texas university. He is a writer plagued by his clogged up writing. Jankel and Morton set the plot within a tropical Texan

environment that effectively tightens the net around Cornell while simultaneously making it more elastic, which is gross. In bouts of panic and domesticated pain, we see this Texas Job character struggling to find out what's wrong with his plumbing. Why isn't the stuff spilling out on the pages like it used to do? What's wrong with the attic and where's the typewriter? Why is an 18-year old Meg Ryan standing next to me in the bar? It's dripping hot. Someone's already murdered me and I don't even know why (I never did anything). I'm dying and it's irreversible. Everybody else sees nothing but a tired, hungover and already drunk again crap writer on arrival trying to bang a student of his. Maybe she will understand me...

Apologies for the spoiler but as it turns out Dexter Cornell was poisoned by one of the two stupid burglars from *Home Alone*, posing in *D.O.A* as a down-to-earth tutor with no literary ambitions. The motive is quite complicated in its details but could perhaps be boiled down to steam (perhaps I don't feel like love no more). Student and young genius Nick Lang submitted a marvellous novel in class but Dennis Quaid couldn't even be bothered looking at it (it's 35 degrees in the shade). The Home Alone burglar however, immediately understood he had to murder Lang and get his hands on the novel and publish it in his own name. That's why he slipped the neon poison in Quaid's christmas scotch (I love scotch), in order to get him all fuzzy and sneak away with the garbage (novel). It's clear that this burglar has to publish or he will perish, because he looks lazy which is why he was cast in this role in the first place. In the end we watch the two guys slugging it out on the screen with an actual typewriter. One of them goes out of the window with the typewriter following closely after and that's the end of that.

Annabel Jenkins went on to make *Super Mario Bros.* (1993) with John Leguizamo and Bob Hoskins starring as Luigi and Mario. It is an outstanding paranoid feature in which the Armageddon and

the world of plumbing was brought close enough to touch skin. Leguizamo would later claim in his delirious autobiography that it was the worst experience of his acting career (?) and that himself and Hoskins had to start drinking early in the day in order to go through with the rest of the shooting. I think it would be fair to say that Leguizamo was taken for a ride by a veteran scotchaholic who knew that binge drinking and shooting a movie that you don't even know is based on a video game has nothing to do with each other and should be considered separately. In other words, as long as they found themselves (down the drain) in the same room they would be drinking whether they were shooting a movie or not.

A swedish musician recently confessed he was a *Son of a Plumber*, which he also put forth as the new name of his band. I used to wait on his table as I worked my way up in an asian-scandinavian fusion restaurant in Stockholm (connecting people). He would order scallops with lingonberry jam (not so bad) and a grilled steak turned in sage butter. He would invite colleagues and peers from the music industry and he would bring up important aspects of his success in conversation. He was a son of a plumber and as such he understood the virtues of modesty. Not only because of the socialist order of society, but also because of the social relations of objects in plumbing and how they came together in a sensible way. He learnt to be humble within the system and to let himself flow through it. Nobody but himself could clog up his pipes. Everything was running like a mountain stream from day one. I learnt a lot just from listening to him. I've never had a writer's block in my life and I've never walked away from an unfinished movie. Bang, just get in there mate!

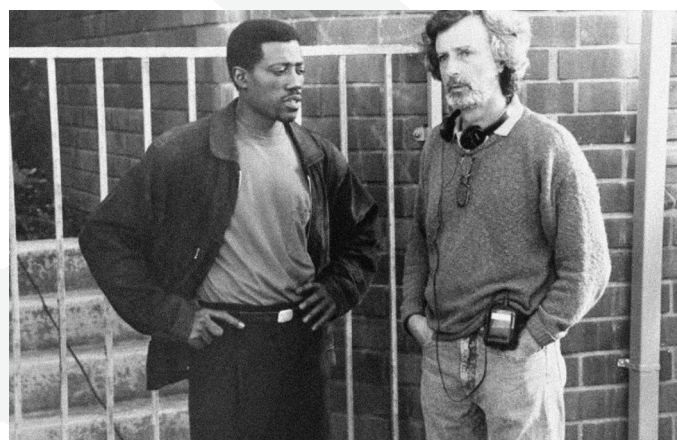
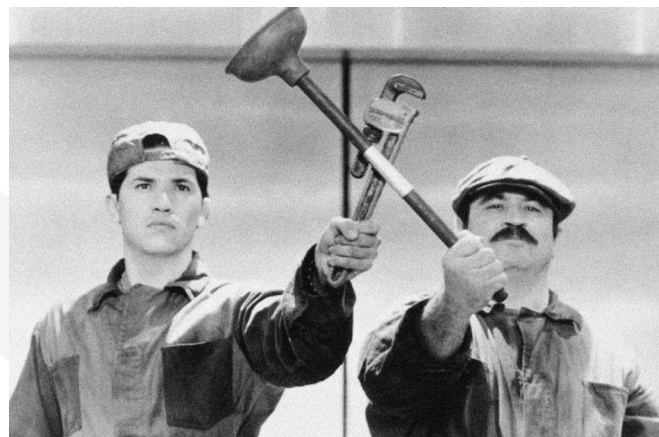
You see I think we tend to deal with the events of our lives as though we were peeking through a keyhole (a guy going for somebody's arse). It's a limited view of the truth. And because we have this human need to understand what's happening

around us – and glimpse so little of it – we tend to make up the rest as we go along. We invent things. We invent arbitrary rules of right and wrong, good and bad, a kind of bumper sticker morality to substitute for the real thing. We invent enemies to test our strength against. We invent gods to protect us from the enemies. We insist those gods are benevolent and hope they will be, and we grow more paranoid every day in fear they won't. This seems to be the fabric from which our reality is cut.

Now, because this movie deals with such obscure themes (movie of the year according to Truffaut), you might not know how to react, whether to laugh or to cry. If that happens, just look at the person on your left. If you can't see their faces because they're looking at the person on their left, that means they don't get it either, and we're all in trouble. I'll see you after the show.

96 min. South Africa, Germany, Canada.

Käfer Sutherland
Maison du Pain, Los Angeles.







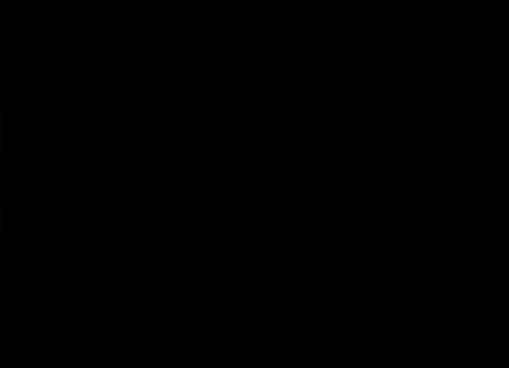
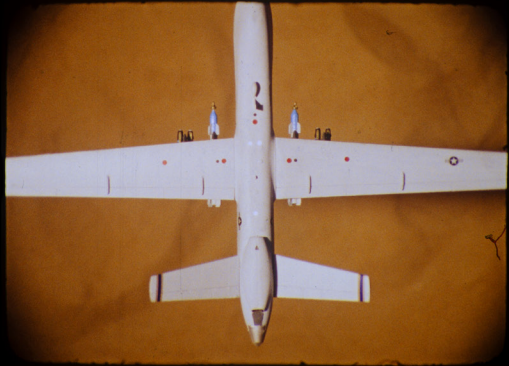
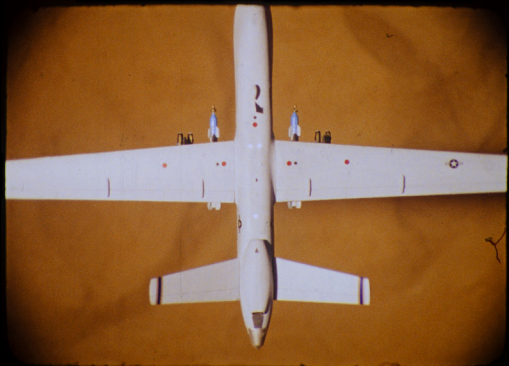
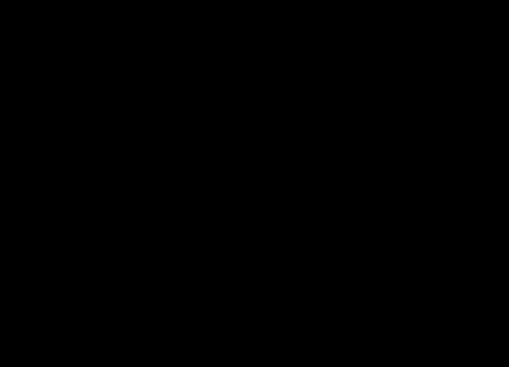
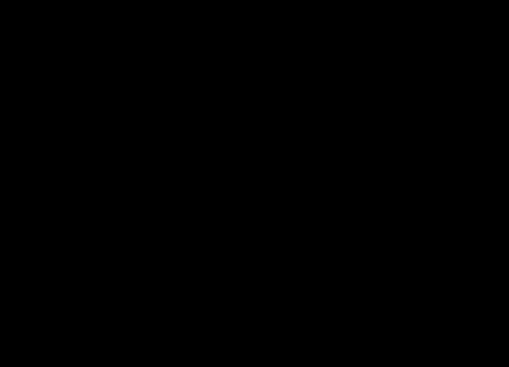
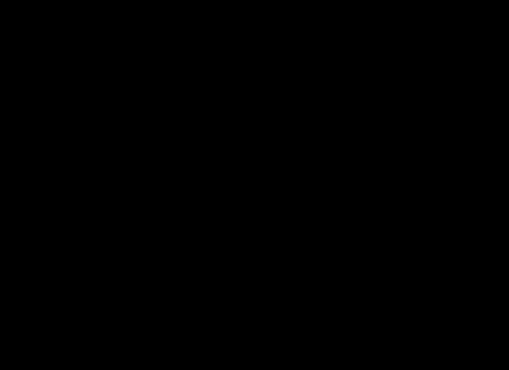
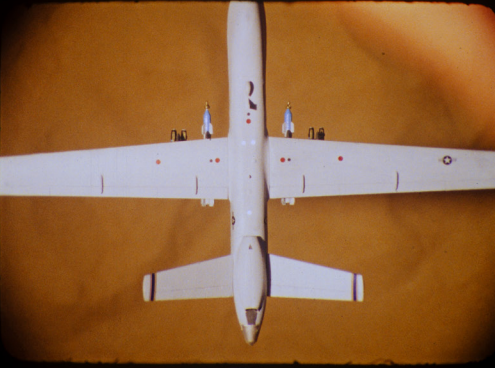
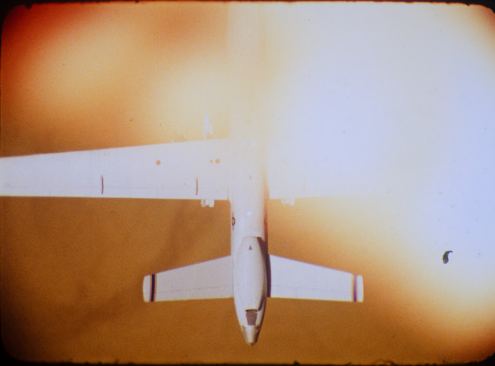
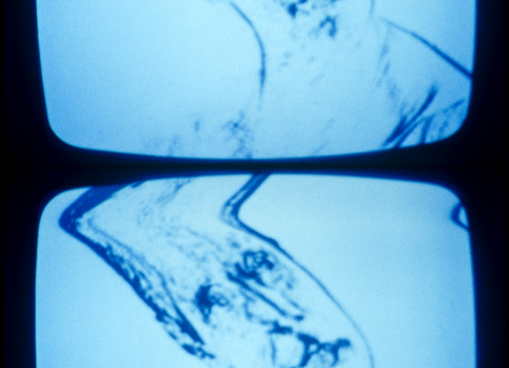
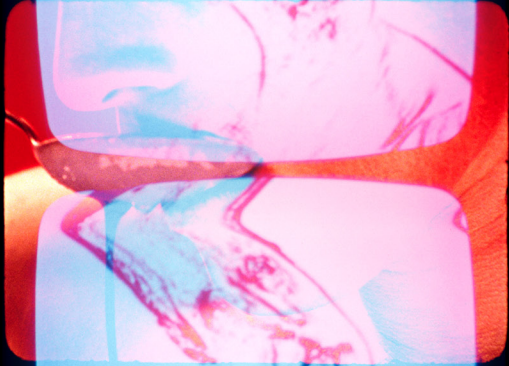


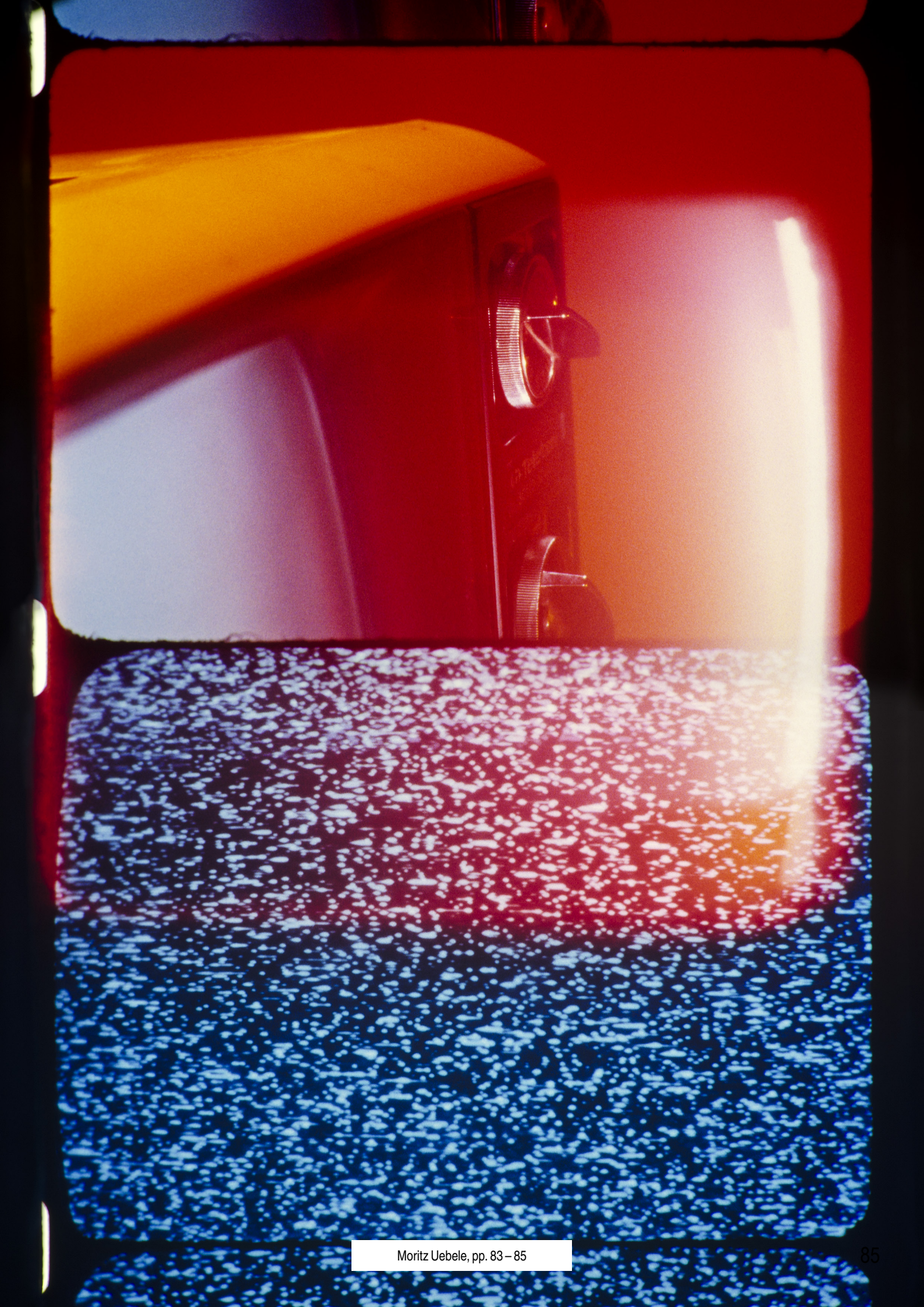




GLUE

COPYRIGHT BY MORITZ UEBELE MMXIII















Take my bone with you

I tried to make a hole to scream in.
When I lifted my hand up
honey was dripping down

Honey kept dripping
and I felt close to the ceiling
She maybe kept screaming
but honey dripped down from her mouth
her cute nose
I start to lick
the honey tongue

I called the police to make sure she doesn't get out of here
they nodded and pointed towards
an empty car
I thought they wanted me to get in
so I peeled an orange and ate it,
slowly.

Night is single
calling my name but a pig was roasting in oven
I couldn't get out

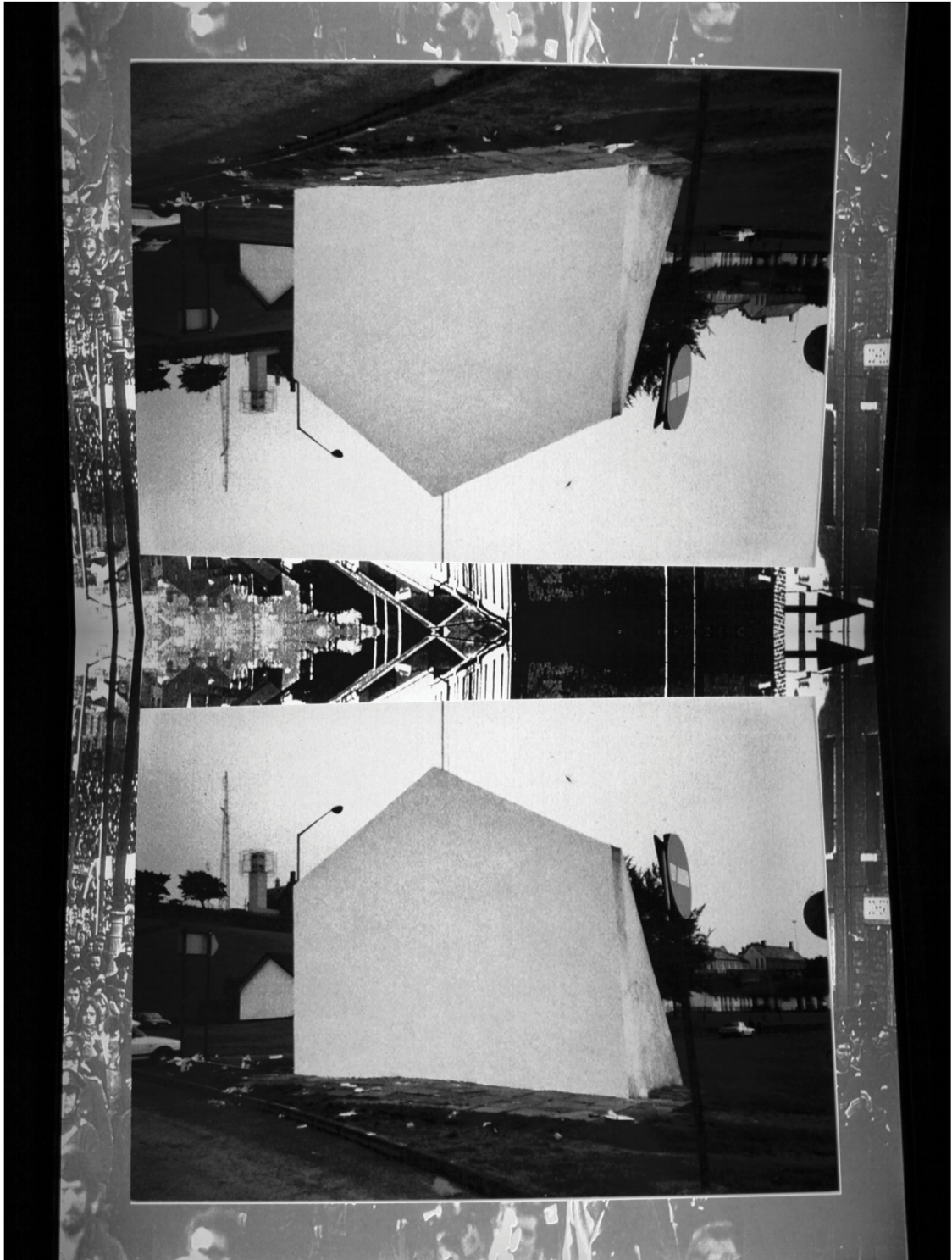
This went on for a while
until I vomited in her hands
her hands were full of pretty shiny stones,
I swallowed and digested till
I had no guts no more

I would say, this night I saw a star.





**ENTERING
THE ROOM
YOU**



**YOU
ARE NOW
ENTERING**

FREE PRESS







I tried to send you a message on your phone last night, read:

“I picked a star from the sky for you - here it is - pling - in your hands, goodnight kiss” but it did not get through - sending failed.

Please come here. I’m fed up of waiting. I don’t understand. I miss you so much. I think you are special, and this is not because I like your face or your body (for sure I do)!

Haven’t heard from you in an eternity. Sure, I missed you...What did you expect? What’s this, no voice from you? What’s up? Gosh, throw a pillow or say something, even sarcastic.





“Bist du nicht gestern schon da draußen gestanden
und hast mich begrüßt?” (H. Hesse)

In meiner Arbeit gebe ich Szenen und Ereignisse wieder, die mir im Alltag begegnen.

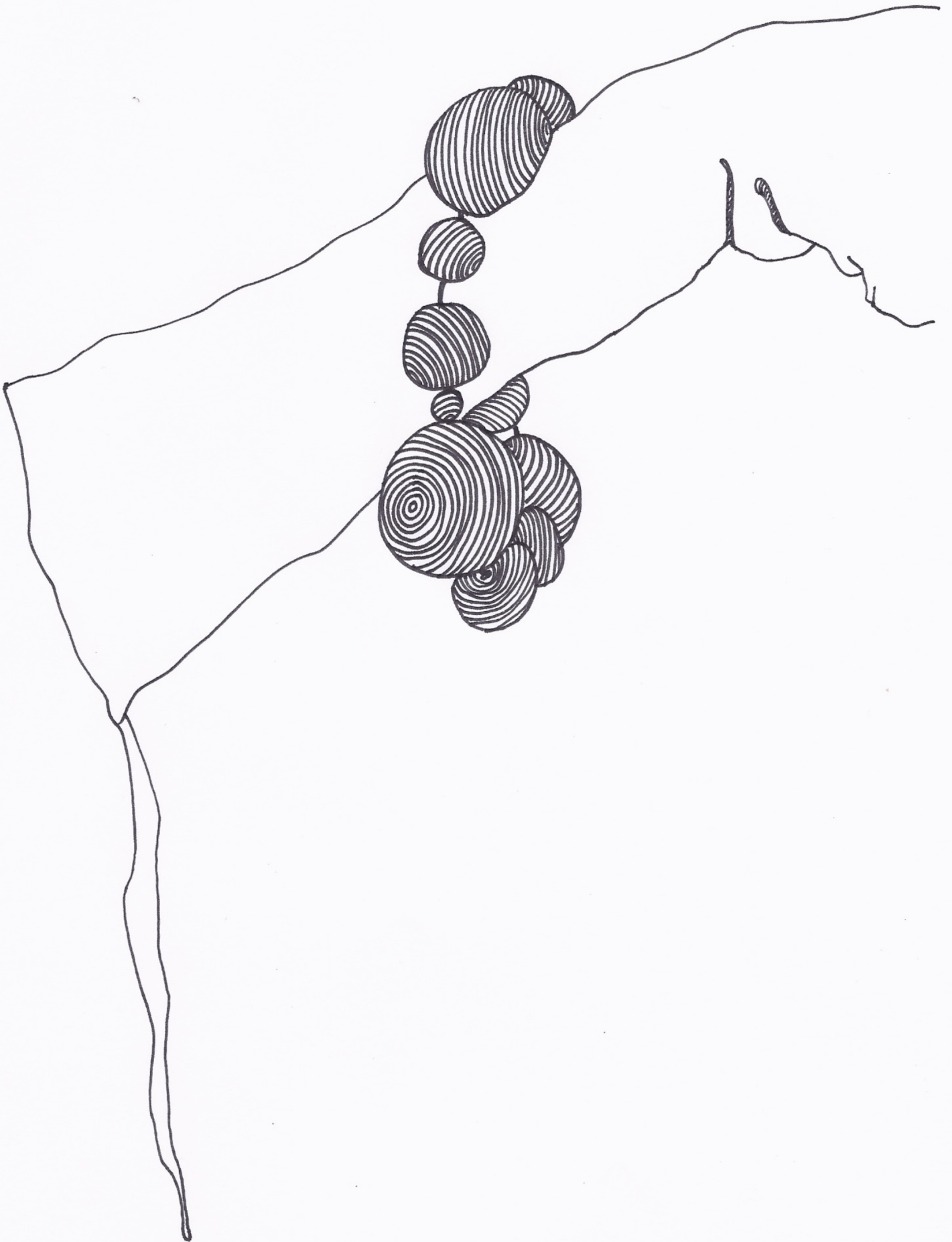
Ich finde sie interessant, weil sie einem im Leben immer wieder begegnen. Sei es eine Person, die einer anderen ähnelt oder ein Augenblick in einem Geschehen, welches ich meine schon oft gesehen zu haben.

Ist es nicht so, dass sich jeder als Individuum in seinem eigenen Leben fühlt, jedoch immer wieder feststellen muss, dass es dem von Vielen gleicht?

So auch die Träume und Ziele, die jeder hat. Egal, ob man sie erreichen wird oder nicht.

Sein eigenes Leben ist alles, was zählt, jedoch nur für einen selbst.

In meinen Zeichnungen verwandeln sich Menschen und Szenen in Skurrilitäten. Was vorher noch normal war, wird zu einem seltsamen Bild, welches für mich einerseits zu einer Besonderheit wird, andererseits zu einem kleinen ironischen Etwas in einem großen Ganzen.





ein böser Wolf
eine alte Hexe
stets am Laufen
-der dunkle Wald-
einen Prinzen gefunden
arme Prinzessin
arme Schönheit

Johanna Kintner Elif Erkan
Clementine Coupau Jenny Kallio-Kulju

Erik Larsson Patrick Keaveney

Young Joo Lee

Genoveva Filipovic

Jonas Kröner

Moritz Uebele

Melanie Matthieu

Kristian Laydrup

Anne Kaniut

Oliver Goldmann

Khaled Barakeh

Bianca Baldi

Martin Kerschent

Flavia Haliti

Zor Barza

Daniel Stempfer

Young-in son

Laura Schawelka

Seth Pick

Christoph Esser

Jol Thomson

Jannis Marwitz

Jessica Gebauer

Rene Schöbe

Sam Siwe

Vytautas Jurevicius

Andreas Bülow Cosmus

Daniel Hörl

Franziska von Stenglin

ABSOLVENTEN
STÄDELSCHULE
2013

„SAY MY NAME,
SAY MY NAME“

MMK
Museum für
Moderne Kunst
Frankfurt am Main

Page	Title	Author	Included by
—	—	—	—
3	N a m i n g	<i>Nikolaus Hirsch</i>	—
4	E i n B e r i c h t f ü r e i n e A k a d e m i e (A R e p o r t t o a n A c a d e m y)	<i>Franz Kafka</i>	Bianca Baldi
12	U N E S C O	—	Flaka Haliti
13	T h e S h a k e	<i>Khaled Barakeh</i>	—
14	B l i n d C r o s s i n g	<i>Simon Starling</i>	—
15	S h a m e o n y o u w h e n y o u s a y i t	<i>Vytautas Jurevicius</i>	—
16	L e B o r d e l d ’ A v i g n o n (2 n d d r a f t)	<i>Tonio Kröner</i>	—
19	—	—	Sam Siwe
20	—	—	Jannis Marwitz
20	C o m p l e t e D e s t r u c t i o n	<i>William Carlos Williams</i>	Martin Kohout
21	H i g l u k – G e s c h i c h t e n d e r I n u i t	<i>Karla El-Hassan (ed.)</i>	Johanna Kintner
22	3 x 1 0 t o t h e 8 t h F P S	<i>Jol Thomson</i>	—
24	T h e F e a s t	<i>Gustave Flaubert</i>	Laura Schawelka
25	—	<i>Trollvind Miror</i>	Andreas Bülow Cosmus
26	A N e w P l e a f o r D i a g o n a l S c i e n c e	<i>Roger Caillois</i>	Melanie Matthieu
29	—	—	Seth Pick
29	—	—	Elif Erkan
30	—	—	Zuzanna Czebatul
31	—	<i>Zoe Barcza</i>	—
33	S k u r r i l i t ä t	<i>Wikipedia</i>	Anne Kaniut
33	L a g o o n	<i>Jenny Kalliokulju</i>	—
37	L ’ h e u r e d u l o u p (D i e S t u n d e d e s W o l f e s)	<i>Clémentine Coupau</i>	—
39	N o t e s F r o m A n y w h e r e	<i>Jol Thomson</i>	—
42	D r . S t r a n g e l o v e [e x t r a c t]	<i>Kubrick / George / Southern</i>	Elisa Caldana
43	S a r d i n e s I n ’ 7 6	<i>Jakob von Gunten</i>	Kristian Laudrup Hansen
44	—	—	Patrick Keaveny
46	C o e v a l	<i>Jol Thomson</i>	—
47	s a y m y n a m e , s a y m y n a m e	<i>Bernd Reiß</i>	—

From the academy to the museum – this change of site seems to mark the transition from the art student to the artist. The exhibition “say my name, say my name” at the MMK Museum für Moderne Kunst half ironically, half desperately describes the situation: from now on the name has to be said. From now on the name becomes a claim. Yet, the situation isn’t as clear as it seems. When I started as a rector of the Städelschule I quickly realized that most students preferred to define themselves as *young artists* rather than *students*. The very naming of the practice made clear that being in school already implied an exhibition practice.

An equally ambivalent situation occurs on an institutional level. The conditions of a *school* and an *exhibition space* are gravitating towards becoming similar: Museums behave more and more like academies and vice versa. While museums increasingly integrate education and research programs, art schools increasingly seek out exposure in terms of projects and exhibitions.

Yet, crucial questions remain unanswered: How can one critically assess the particular tension between the condition of a “school” and an “exhibition space”? Has it become necessary to develop new strategies of visibility that recalibrate the relation between the current pressure for transparency and publicity, on the one hand, and the right to opacity, on the other?

The Städelschule can serve as a model for this conflicting yet productive relation; the institutional model of Städelschule is not a victim of a broader evolution but an intentional decision, a carefully developed practice that seeks to creatively use the field between a learning environment for art and a space for exhibition making. As much as this institution is one of the most visible art academies on a global scale, its *raison d’être* concerns a particular approach to the contradictions and potentials of visibility. This specific visual culture is both about closure and opening, about insisting on spaces offering both protection and exposure.

Beyond the logic of the over-regulated, modular Bologna system and sundry MFA programs, the work within the classes offers protected zones for experimentation, or testing grounds for mistakes and dead ends, which nevertheless eventually lead to an artistic position. These processes tend to be rather

invisible from the outside. Nothing is more difficult than responding to the question of visitors, curators and critics: “Can you show us the Städelschule?” There is not much to show. In the studios you see old sofas, or maybe a barely working coffee machine, empty bottles, chairs, tables, laptops and the beginnings or relics of art works. In other words: very little evidence of the practices of exhibition making and far from museal conditions. “Exhibition” happens elsewhere. Visibility is delayed.

A posteriori, in a sometimes desperate attempt of post-rationalization, the trajectory of a graduate becomes visible: a meandering path through the graduate exhibition, off-spaces, gallery shows, Documenta, the Venice Biennale, or other biennials in the international exhibition sprawl.

Yet, in a global context of ever more exhibition and exposure possibilities, the process towards an increasing visibility (not to forget its effect on the question of value) should be carefully developed and critically assessed. Not only the artwork as an object but – as investigated our conference *The Return of the Human Figure in Semiocapitalism* (2011) – also the figure of the artist, willingly or not, becomes part of the economy of exposure and, ultimately, of a currency of naming.

Beyond the public exhibition and the solo practice lies another category, the one that at first seems unspectacular, but, in fact, crucial for the coherence of institutional life: kitchens, canteens, guesthouses, collaborative initiatives. This is where sharing and differentiating, gatherings and distinctions happen. This is where all sorts of collective models are being practiced, whether they are called friends, peers, classes, cliques, or communities.

These ever-shifting constellations develop out of situations or projects often speculating on possible currencies and collectives within an educational environment. They question how and where meetings and modes of exchange can be developed which lead from disposable commodities in artworks and ideas towards forms of common ground. They test out an artistic space in which opening and closure are tightly intertwined: accessible enough to create a social environment confined enough to develop an artistic position, and eventually a name.

—Nikolaus Hirsch

¶ Ein Bericht für eine Akademie *

Hohe Herren von der Akademie!

Sie erweisen mir die Ehre, mich aufzufordern, der Akademie einen Bericht über mein äffisches Vorleben einzureichen.

In diesem Sinne kann ich leider der Aufforderung nicht nachkommen. Nahezu fünf Jahre trennen mich vom Affentum, eine Zeit, kurz vielleicht am Kalender gemessen, unendlich lang aber durchzugaloppieren, so wie ich es getan habe, streckenweise begleitet von vortrefflichen Menschen, Ratschlägen, Beifall und Orchestralmusik, aber im Grunde allein, denn alle Begleitung hielt sich, um im Bilde zu bleiben, weit von der Barriere. Diese Leistung wäre unmöglich gewesen, wenn ich eigensinnig hätte an meinem Ursprung, an den Erinnerungen der Jugend festhalten wollen. Gerade Verzicht auf jeden Eigensinn war das oberste Gebot, das ich mir auferlegt hatte; ich, freier Affe, fügte mich diesem Joch. Dadurch verschlossen sich mir aber ihrerseits die Erinnerungen immer mehr. War mir zuerst die Rückkehr, wenn die Menschen gewollt hätten, freigestellt durch das ganze Tor, das der Himmel über der Erde bildet, wurde es gleichzeitig mit meiner vorwärtsgepeitschten Entwicklung immer niedriger und enger; wohler und eingeschlossener fühlte ich mich in der Menschenwelt; der Sturm, der mir aus meiner Vergangenheit nachblies, säufte sich; heute ist es nur ein Luftzug, der mir die Fersen kühlt; und das Loch in der Ferne, durch das er kommt und durch das ich einstmals kam, ist so klein geworden, daß ich, wenn überhaupt die Kräfte und der Wille hinreichen würden, um bis dorthin zurückzulaufen, das Fell vom Leib mir schinden müßte, um durchzukommen. Offen gesprochen, so gerne ich auch Bilder wähle für diese Dinge, offen gesprochen: Ihr Affentum, meine Herren, sofern Sie etwas Derartiges hinter sich haben, kann Ihnen nicht ferner sein als mir das meine. An der Ferse aber kitzelt es jeden, der hier auf Erden geht: den kleinen Schimpansen wie den großen Achilles.

In eingeschränktestem Sinn aber kann ich doch vielleicht Ihre Anfrage beantworten und ich tue es sogar mit großer Freude.

Das erste, was ich lernte, war: den Handschlag geben; Handschlag bezeugt Offenheit; mag nun heute, wo ich auf dem Höhepunkt meiner Laufbahn stehe, zu jenem ersten Handschlag auch das offene Wort

hinzukommen. Es wird für die Akademie nichts wesentlich Neues beibringen und weit hinter dem zurückbleiben, was man von mir verlangt hat und was ich beim besten Willen nicht sagen kann – immerhin, es soll die Richtlinie zeigen, auf welcher ein gewesener Affe in die Menschenwelt eingedrungen ist und sich dort festgesetzt hat. Doch dürfte ich selbst das Geringfügige, was folgt, gewiß nicht sagen, wenn ich meiner nicht völlig sicher wäre und meine Stellung auf allen großen Varietébühnen der zivilisierten Welt sich nicht bis zur Unerschütterlichkeit gefestigt hätte:

Ich stamme von der Goldküste. Darüber, wie ich eingefangen wurde, bin ich auf fremde Berichte angewiesen. Eine Jagdexpedition der Firma Hagenbeck – mit dem Führer habe ich übrigens seither schon manche gute Flasche Rotwein geleert – lag im Ufergebüsch auf dem Anstand, als ich am Abend inmitten eines Rudels zur Tränke lief. Man schoß; ich war der einzige, der getroffen wurde; ich bekam zwei Schüsse.

Einen in die Wange; der war leicht; hinterließ aber eine große ausrasierte rote Narbe, die mir den widerlichen, ganz und gar unzutreffenden, förmlich von einem Affen erfundenen Namen Rotpeter eingetragen hat, so als unterschiede ich mich von dem unlängst krepiereten, hie und da bekannten, dressierten Affentier Peter nur durch den roten Fleck auf der Wange. Dies nebenbei.

Der zweite Schuß traf mich unterhalb der Hüfte. Er war schwer, er hat es verschuldet, daß ich noch heute ein wenig hinke. Letzthin las ich in einem Aufsatz irgendeines der zehntausend Windhunde, die sich in den Zeitungen über mich auslassen: meine Affennatur sei noch nicht ganz unterdrückt; Beweis dessen sei, daß ich, wenn Besucher kommen, mit Vorliebe die Hosen ausziehe, um die Einlaufstelle jenes Schusses zu zeigen. Dem Kerl sollte jedes Fingerchen seiner schreibenden Hand einzeln weggeknallt werden. Ich, ich darf meine Hosen ausziehen, vor wem es mir beliebt; man wird dort nichts finden als einen wohlgepflegten Pelz und die Narbe nach einem – wählen wir hier zu einem bestimmten Zwecke ein bestimmtes Wort, das aber nicht mißverstanden werden wolle – die Narbe nach einem frevelhaften Schuß. Alles liegt offen zutage; nichts ist zu verbergen; kommt es auf Wahrheit an, wirft jeder Großgesinnte die allerfeinsten Manieren ab. Würde dagegen jener Schreiber die Hosen ausziehen, wenn Besuch kommt, so hätte dies allerdings ein anderes Ansehen, und ich will es als

Zeichen der Vernunft gelten lassen, daß er es nicht tut. Aber dann mag er mir auch mit seinem Zartsinn vom Halse bleiben.

Nach jenen Schüssen erwachte ich – und hier beginnt allmählich meine eigene Erinnerung – in einem Käfig im Zwischendeck des Hagenbeckschen Dampfers. Es war kein vierwandiger Gitterkäfig; vielmehr waren nur drei Wände an einer Kiste festgemacht; die Kiste also bildete die vierte Wand. Das Ganze war zu niedrig zum Aufrechtstehen und zu schmal zum Niedersitzen. Ich hockte deshalb mit eingebogenen, ewig zitternden Knien, und zwar, da ich zunächst wahrscheinlich niemanden sehen und immer nur im Dunkeln sein wollte, zur Kiste gewendet, während sich mir hinten die Gitterstäbe ins Fleisch einschnitten. Man hält eine solche Verwahrung wilder Tiere in der allerersten Zeit für vorteilhaft, und ich kann heute nach meiner Erfahrung nicht leugnen, daß dies im menschlichen Sinn tatsächlich der Fall ist.

Daran dachte ich aber damals nicht. Ich war zum erstenmal in meinem Leben ohne Ausweg; zumindest geradeaus ging es nicht; geradeaus vor mir war die Kiste, Brett fest an Brett gefügt. Zwar war zwischen den Brettern eine durchlaufende Lücke, die ich, als ich sie zuerst entdeckte, mit dem glückseligen Heulen des Unverstandes begrüßte, aber diese Lücke reichte bei weitem nicht einmal zum Durchstecken des Schwanzes aus und war mit aller Affenkraft nicht zu verbreitern.

Ich soll, wie man mir später sagte, ungewöhnlich wenig Lärm gemacht haben, woraus man schloß, daß ich entweder bald eingehen müsse oder daß ich, falls es mir gelingt, die erste kritische Zeit zu überleben, sehr dressurfähig sein werde. Ich überlebte diese Zeit. Dumpfes Schluchzen, schmerzhaftes Flöhesuchen, müdes Lecken einer Kokosnuß, Beklopfen der Kistenwand mit dem Schädel, Zungenblecken, wenn mir jemand nahekam – das waren die ersten Beschäftigungen in dem neuen Leben. In alledem aber doch nur das eine Gefühl: kein Ausweg. Ich kann natürlich das damals affenmäßig Gefühlte heute nur mit Menschenworten nachzeichnen und verzeichne es infolgedessen, aber wenn ich auch die alte Affenwahrheit nicht mehr erreichen kann, wenigstens in der Richtung meiner Schilderung liegt sie, daran ist kein Zweifel.

Ich hatte doch so viele Auswege bisher gehabt und nun keinen mehr. Ich war festgerannt. Hätte man mich angenagelt, meine Freizügigkeit wäre dadurch

nicht kleiner geworden. Warum das? Kratz dir das Fleisch zwischen den Fußzehen auf, du wirst den Grund nicht finden. Drück dich hinten gegen die Gitterstange, bis sie dich fast zweiteilt, du wirst den Grund nicht finden. Ich hatte keinen Ausweg, mußte mir ihn aber verschaffen, denn ohne ihn konnte ich nicht leben. Immer an dieser Kistenwand – ich wäre unweigerlich verreckt. Aber Affen gehören bei Hagenbeck an die Kistenwand – nun, so hörte ich auf, Affe zu sein. Ein klarer, schöner Gedankengang, den ich irgendwie mit dem Bauch ausgeheckt haben muß, denn Affen denken mit dem Bauch.

Ich habe Angst, daß man nicht genau versteht, was ich unter Ausweg verstehe. Ich gebrauche das Wort in seinem gewöhnlichsten und vollsten Sinn. Ich sage absichtlich nicht Freiheit. Ich meine nicht dieses große Gefühl der Freiheit nach allen Seiten. Als Affe kannte ich es vielleicht und ich habe Menschen kennengelernt, die sich danach sehnen. Was mich aber anlangt, verlangte ich Freiheit weder damals noch heute. Nebenbei: mit Freiheit betrügt man sich unter Menschen allzuoft. Und so wie die Freiheit zu den erhabensten Gefühlen zählt, so auch die entsprechende Täuschung zu den erhabensten. Oft habe ich in den Varietés vor meinem Auftreten irgendein Künstlerpaar oben an der Decke an Trapezen hantieren sehen. Sie schlangen sich, sie schaukelten, sie sprangen, sie schwebten einander in die Arme, einer trug den andern an den Haaren mit dem Gebiß. 'Auch das ist Menschenfreiheit', dachte ich, 'selbstherrliche Bewegung.' Du Verspottung der heiligen Natur! Kein Bau würde standhalten vor dem Gelächter des Affentums bei diesem Anblick. Nein, Freiheit wollte ich nicht. Nur einen Ausweg; rechts, links, wohin immer; ich stellte keine anderen Forderungen; sollte der Ausweg auch nur eine Täuschung sein; die Forderung war klein, die Täuschung würde nicht größer sein. Weiterkommen, weiterkommen! Nur nicht mit aufgehobenen Armen stillestehn, angedrückt an eine Kistenwand.

Heute sehe ich klar: ohne größte innere Ruhe hätte ich nie entkommen können. Und tatsächlich verdanke ich vielleicht alles, was ich geworden bin, der Ruhe, die mich nach den ersten Tagen dort im Schiff überkam. Die Ruhe wiederum aber verdanke ich wohl den Leuten vom Schiff.

Es sind gute Menschen, trotz allem. Gerne erinnere ich mich noch heute an den Klang ihrer schweren Schritte, der damals in meinem Halbschlaf widerhallte. Sie hatten die Gewohnheit, alles äußerst

langsam in Angriff zu nehmen. Wollte sich einer die Augen reiben, so hob er die Hand wie ein Hängegewicht. Ihre Scherze waren grob, aber herzlich. Ihr Lachen war immer mit einem gefährlich klingenden aber nichts bedeutenden Husten gemischt. Immer hatten sie im Mund etwas zum Ausspeien und wohin sie ausspien war ihnen gleichgültig. Immer klagten sie, daß meine Flöhe auf sie überspringen; aber doch waren sie mir deshalb niemals ernstlich böse; sie wußten eben, daß in meinem Fell Flöhe gedeihen und daß Flöhe Springer sind; damit fanden sie sich ab. Wenn sie dienstfrei waren, setzten sich manchmal einige im Halbkreis um mich nieder; sprachen kaum, sondern gurrten einander nur zu; rauchten, auf Kisten ausgestreckt, die Pfeife; schlugen sich aufs Knie, sobald ich die geringste Bewegung machte; und hie und da nahm einer einen Stecken und kitzelte mich dort, wo es mir angenehm war. Sollte ich heute eingeladen werden, eine Fahrt auf diesem Schiffe mitzumachen, ich würde die Einladung gewiß ablehnen, aber ebenso gewiß ist, daß es nicht nur häßliche Erinnerungen sind, denen ich dort im Zwischendeck nachhängen könnte.

Die Ruhe, die ich mir im Kreise dieser Leute erwarb, hielt mich vor allem von jedem Fluchtversuch ab. Von heute aus gesehen scheint es mir, als hätte ich zumindest gehant, daß ich einen Ausweg finden müsse, wenn ich leben wolle, daß dieser Ausweg aber nicht durch Flucht zu erreichen sei. Ich weiß nicht mehr, ob Flucht möglich war, aber ich glaube es; einem Affen sollte Flucht immer möglich sein. Mit meinen heutigen Zähnen muß ich schon beim gewöhnlichen Nüsseknacken vorsichtig sein, damals aber hätte es mir wohl im Laufe der Zeit gelingen müssen, das Türschloß durchzubeißen. Ich tat es nicht. Was wäre damit auch gewonnen gewesen? Man hätte mich, kaum war der Kopf hinausgesteckt, wieder eingefangen und in einen noch schlimmeren Käfig gesperrt; oder ich hätte mich unbemerkt zu anderen Tieren, etwa zu den Riesenschlangen mir gegenüber flüchten können und mich in ihren Umarmungen ausgehaucht; oder es wäre mir gar gelungen, mich bis aufs Deck zu stehlen und über Bord zu springen, dann hätte ich ein Weilchen auf dem Weltmeer geschaukelt und wäre ertrunken. Verzweiflungstaten. Ich rechnete nicht so menschlich, aber unter dem Einfluß meiner Umgebung verhielt ich mich so, wie wenn ich gerechnet hätte.

Ich rechnete nicht, wohl aber beobachtete ich in aller Ruhe. Ich sah diese Menschen auf und ab gehen, immer die gleichen Gesichter, die gleichen

Bewegungen, oft schien es mir, als wäre es nur einer. Der Mensch oder diese Menschen gingen also unbehelligt. Ein hohes Ziel dämmerte mir auf. Niemand versprach mir, daß, wenn ich so wie sie werden würde, das Gitter aufgezo-gen werde. Solche Versprechungen für scheinbar unmögliche Erfüllungen werden nicht gegeben. Löst man aber die Erfüllungen ein, erscheinen nachträglich auch die Versprechungen genau dort, wo man sie früher vergeblich gesucht hat. Nun war an diesen Menschen an sich nichts, was mich sehr verlockte. Wäre ich ein Anhänger jener erwähnten Freiheit, ich hätte gewiß das Weltmeer dem Ausweg vorgezogen, der sich mir im trüben Blick dieser Menschen zeigte. Jedenfalls aber beobachtete ich sie schon lange vorher, ehe ich an solche Dinge dachte, ja die angehäuften Beobachtungen drängten mich erst in die bestimmte Richtung.

Es war so leicht, die Leute nachzuahmen. Spucken konnte ich schon in den ersten Tagen. Wir spuckten einander dann gegenseitig ins Gesicht; der Unterschied war nur, daß ich mein Gesicht nachher reinleckte, sie ihres nicht. Die Pfeife rauchte ich bald wie ein Alter; drückte ich dann auch noch den Daumen in den Pfeifenkopf, jauchzte das ganze Zwischendeck; nur den Unterschied zwischen der leeren und der gestopften Pfeife verstand ich lange nicht.

Die meiste Mühe machte mir die Schnapsflasche. Der Geruch peinigte mich; ich zwang mich mit allen Kräften; aber es vergingen Wochen, ehe ich mich überwand. Diese inneren Kämpfe nahmen die Leute merkwürdigerweise ernster als irgend etwas sonst an mir. Ich unterscheide die Leute auch in meiner Erinnerung nicht, aber da war einer, der kam immer wieder, allein oder mit Kameraden, bei Tag, bei Nacht, zu den verschiedensten Stunden; stellte sich mit der Flasche vor mich hin und gab mir Unterricht. Er begriff mich nicht, er wollte das Rätsel meines Seins lösen. Er entkorkte langsam die Flasche und blickte mich dann an, um zu prüfen, ob ich verstanden habe; ich gestehe, ich sah ihm immer mit wilder, mit überstürzter Aufmerksamkeit zu; einen solchen Menschenschüler findet kein Menschenlehrer auf dem ganzen Erdenrund; nachdem die Flasche entkorkt war, hob er sie zum Mund; ich mit meinen Blicken ihm nach bis in die Gurgel; er nickt, zufrieden mit mir, und setzt die Flasche an die Lippen; ich, entzückt von allmählicher Erkenntnis, kratze mich quietschend der Länge und Breite nach, wo es sich trifft; er freut sich, setzt die Flasche an und macht einen Schluck; ich, ungeduldig und

verzweifelt, ihm nachzueifern, verunreinige mich in meinem Käfig, was wieder ihm große Genugtuung macht; und nun weit die Flasche von sich streckend und im Schwung sie wieder hinaufführend, trinkt er sie, übertrieben lehrhaft zurückgebeugt, mit einem Zuge leer. Ich, ermattet von allzu großem Verlangen, kann nicht mehr folgen und hänge schwach am Gitter, während er den theoretischen Unterricht damit beendet, daß er sich den Bauch streicht und grinst.

Nun erst beginnt die praktische Übung. Bin ich nicht schon allzu erschöpft durch das Theoretische? Wohl, allzu erschöpft. Das gehört zu meinem Schicksal. Trotzdem greife ich, so gut ich kann, nach der hingereichten Flasche; entkorke sie zitternd; mit dem Gelingen stellen sich allmählich neue Kräfte ein; ich hebe die Flasche, vom Original schon kaum zu unterscheiden; setze sie an und – und werfe sie mit Abscheu, mit Abscheu, trotzdem sie leer ist und nur noch der Geruch sie füllt, werfe sie mit Abscheu auf den Boden. Zur Trauer meines Lehrers, zur größeren Trauer meiner selbst; weder ihn noch mich versöhne ich dadurch, daß ich auch nach dem Wegwerfen der Flasche nicht vergesse, ausgezeichnet meinen Bauch zu streichen und dabei zu grinsen.

Allzuoft nur verlief so der Unterricht. Und zur Ehre meines Lehrers: er war mir nicht böse; wohl hielt er mir manchmal die brennende Pfeife ans Fell, bis es irgendwo, wo ich nur schwer hinreichte, zu glimmen anfing, aber dann löschte er es selbst wieder mit seiner riesigen guten Hand; er war mir nicht böse, er sah ein, daß wir auf der gleichen Seite gegen die Affennatur kämpften und daß ich den schwereren Teil hatte.

Was für ein Sieg dann allerdings für ihn wie für mich, als ich eines Abends vor großem Zuschauerkreis – vielleicht war ein Fest, ein Grammophon spielte, ein Offizier erging sich zwischen den Leuten – als ich an diesem Abend, gerade unbeachtet, eine vor meinem Käfig versehentlich stehengelassene Schnapsflasche ergriff, unter steigender Aufmerksamkeit der Gesellschaft sie schulgerecht entkorkte, an den Mund setzte und ohne Zögern, ohne Mundverziehen, als Trinker von Fach, mit rund gewälzten Augen, schwappender Kehle, wirklich und wahrhaftig leer trank; nicht mehr als Verzweifelter, sondern als Künstler die Flasche hinwarf; zwar vergaß den Bauch zu streichen; dafür aber, weil ich nicht anders konnte, weil es mich drängte, weil mir die Sinne rauschten, kurz und gut »Hallo!« ausrief,

in Menschenlaut ausbrach, mit diesem Ruf in die Menschengemeinschaft sprang und ihr Echo – »Hört nur, er spricht!« wie einen Kuß auf meinem ganzen schweißtriefenden Körper fühlte.

Ich wiederhole: es verlockte mich nicht, die Menschen nachzuahmen; ich ahmte nach, weil ich einen Ausweg suchte, aus keinem anderen Grund. Auch war mit jenem Sieg noch wenig getan. Die Stimme versagte mir sofort wieder; stellte sich erst nach Monaten ein; der Widerwille gegen die Schnapsflasche kam sogar noch verstärkter. Aber meine Richtung allerdings war mir ein für allemal gegeben.

Als ich in Hamburg dem ersten Dresseur übergeben wurde, erkannte ich bald die zwei Möglichkeiten, die mir offenstanden: Zoologischer Garten oder Varieté. Ich zögerte nicht. Ich sagte mir: setze alle Kraft an, um ins Varieté zu kommen; das ist der Ausweg; Zoologischer Garten ist nur ein neuer Gitterkäfig; kommst du in ihn, bist du verloren. Und ich lernte, meine Herren. Ach, man lernt, wenn man muß; man lernt, wenn man einen Ausweg will; man lernt rücksichtslos. Man beaufsichtigt sich selbst mit der Peitsche; man zerfleischt sich beim geringsten Widerstand. Die Affennatur raste, sich überkugeln, aus mir hinaus und weg, so daß mein erster Lehrer selbst davon fast äffisch wurde, bald den Unterricht aufgeben und in eine Heilanstalt gebracht werden mußte. Glücklicherweise kam er bald wieder hervor.

Aber ich verbrauchte viele Lehrer, ja sogar einige Lehrer gleichzeitig. Als ich meiner Fähigkeiten schon sicherer geworden war, die Öffentlichkeit meinen Fortschritten folgte, meine Zukunft zu leuchten begann, nahm ich selbst Lehrer auf, ließ sie in fünf aufeinanderfolgenden Zimmern niedersetzen und lernte bei allen zugleich, indem ich ununterbrochen aus einem Zimmer ins andere sprang.

Diese Fortschritte! Dieses Eindringen der Wissensstrahlen von allen Seiten ins erwachende Hirn! Ich leugne nicht: es beglückte mich. Ich gestehe aber auch ein: ich überschätzte es nicht, schon damals nicht, wieviel weniger heute. Durch eine Anstrengung, die sich bisher auf der Erde nicht wiederholt hat, habe ich die Durchschnittsbildung eines Europäers erreicht. Das wäre an sich vielleicht gar nichts, ist aber insofern doch etwas, als es mir aus dem Käfig half und mir diesen besonderen Ausweg, diesen Menschengang verschaffte. Es gibt eine ausgezeichnete deutsche Redensart: sich in die

Büsche schlagen; das habe ich getan, ich habe mich in die Büsche geschlagen. Ich hatte keinen anderen Weg, immer vorausgesetzt, daß nicht die Freiheit zu wählen war.

Überblicke ich meine Entwicklung und ihr bisheriges Ziel, so klage ich weder, noch bin ich zufrieden. Die Hände in den Hosentaschen, die Weinflasche auf dem Tisch, liege ich halb, halb sitze ich im Schaukelstuhl und schaue aus dem Fenster. Kommt Besuch, empfangen Sie ihn, wie es sich gebührt. Mein Impresario sitzt im Vorzimmer; läute ich, kommt er und hört, was ich zu sagen habe. Am Abend ist fast immer Vorstellung, und ich habe wohl kaum mehr zu steigernde Erfolge. Komme ich spät nachts von Banketten, aus wissenschaftlichen Gesellschaften, aus gemütlichem Beisammensein nach Hause, erwartet mich eine kleine halbdressierte Schimpansin und ich lasse es mir nach Affenart bei ihr wohlgehen. Bei Tag will ich sie nicht sehen; sie hat nämlich den Irrsinn des verwirrten dressierten Tieres im Blick; das erkenne nur ich, und ich kann es nicht ertragen.

Im ganzen habe ich jedenfalls erreicht, was ich erreichen wollte. Man sage nicht, es wäre der Mühe nicht wert gewesen. Im übrigen will ich keines Menschen Urteil, ich will nur Kenntnisse verbreiten, ich berichte nur, auch Ihnen, hohe Herren von der Akademie, habe ich nur berichtet.

—Franz Kafka (1917)

A Report to an Academy

Gentlemen of the Academy: You have honoured me with your invitation to submit a report to the Academy about my former life as an ape.

Taking this invitation in its literal sense, I am unfortunately unable to comply with it. Nearly five years stand between me and my apehood, a period that may be short in terms of the calendar but is an infinitely long one to gallop through as I have done, accompanied for certain stretches by excellent people, advice, applause and band music, but fundamentally on my own, because, to remain within the metaphor, all that accompaniment never got very close to the rail. This achievement would have been impossible if I had wilfully clung to my origins, to the memories of my youth. In fact, avoidance of all wilfulness was the supreme commandment I had imposed on myself; I, a free

ape, accepted that yoke. Thereby, however, my memories were in turn increasingly lost to me. If at first a return to the past, should the humans have so wished, was as wide open to me as the universal archway the sky forms over the earth, at the same time my wildly accelerated development made this archway increasingly low and narrow; I felt more at ease and sheltered in the human world; the storm winds that blew out of my past grew calm; today there is only a breeze that cools my heels; and the hole in the distance through which it issues, and from which I once issued, has become so small that, if I ever had sufficient strength and desire to run all the way back there, I would have to scrape the hide off my body to squeeze through. Speaking frankly (although I enjoy using figures of speech for these matters), speaking frankly: your own apehood, gentlemen, to the extent that there is anything like that in your past, cannot be more remote from you than mine is from me. But every wanderer on earth feels a tickling in his heels: the little chimpanzee and great Achilles. In the most limited sense, however, I may be able to satisfy your demands, and, in fact, I do so with great pleasure. The first thing I learned was shaking hands; shaking hands indicates candidness; today, when I am at the pinnacle of my career, why not add my candid words to that first handshake? My report will not teach the Academy anything basically new and will fall far short of what has been asked of me, which, with the best will in the world, I am unable to tell you – nevertheless, it is meant to show the guidelines by which a former ape has burst into the human world and – established himself there. But I certainly would not have the right to make even the insignificant statement that follows, if I were not completely sure of myself and had not secured a truly unassailable position on all the great vaudeville stages of the civilised world.

I come from the Gold Coast. For the story of how I was captured I must rely on the reports of others. A hunting expedition of the Hagenbeck firm – incidentally, since then I've drained many a fine bottle of red wine with its leader – was lying in wait in the brush by the shore when I ran down to the watering place one evening in the midst of a pack of apes. They fired; I was the only one hit; I was wounded in two places. One wound was in the cheek; that was slight, but left behind a large, red, hairless scar, which won me the repulsive, totally unsuitable name of Red Peter, which must have been invented by an ape! – as if the red spot on my cheek were the only difference between me and the trained ape Peter, who had a local reputation here and there and

who kicked the bucket recently. But that's by the by. The second bullet hit me below the hip. It was a serious wound and the cause of my limping a little even today. Not long ago I read in an article by one of the ten thousand windbags who gab about me in the papers, saying my ape nature is not yet suppressed; the proof being that, when visitors come, I'm fond of taking off my trousers to show where the bullet hit me. That guy should have every last finger of the hand he writes with individually blasted off! I, I have the right to drop my pants in front of anyone I feel like; all they'll see there is a well-tended coat of fur and the scar left over from – here let us choose a specific word for a specific purpose, but a word I wouldn't want misunderstood – the scar left over from an infamous shot. Everything is open and aboveboard; there's nothing to hide; when it comes to the truth, every high-minded person rejects namby-pamby etiquette. On the other hand, if that writer were to take his trousers off when company came, you can be sure it would look quite different, and I'm ready to accept it as a token of his good sense that he refrains from doing so. But then he shouldn't bedevil me with his delicate sensibilities! After those shots I woke up – and here my own recollections gradually begin – in a cage between decks on the Hagenbeck steamer. It wasn't a four-sided cage with bars all around; instead, there were only three barred sides attached to a crate, so that the crate formed the fourth wall. The whole thing was too low for standing erect in, and too narrow for sitting down in. And so I squatted with bent, constantly trembling knees, and, since at first I probably didn't want to see anyone and felt like being in the dark all the time, I faced the crate, while behind me the bars cut into my flesh. This way of keeping wild animals right after their capture is considered advantageous, and, with the experience I have today, I can't deny that, in a human sense, it is really the case. But at that time I didn't think about it. For the first time in my life I had no way out, or at least not straight ahead of me; right in front of me was the crate, each board tightly joined to the next. True, between the boards there was a gap running right through, and when I first discovered it I greeted it with a joyful howl of ignorance, but this gap wasn't even nearly wide enough for me to push my tail through, and all my ape's strength couldn't widen it. They told me later on that I made unusually little noise, from which they concluded that I would either go under, or else, if I managed to live through the first, critical period, I would be extremely trainable. I lived through that period. Muffled sobbing, painful searching for fleas, weary licking

of a coconut, banging the side of the crate with my cranium, sticking out my tongue whenever someone approached – those were my first occupations in my new life. But, throughout it all, only that one feeling: no way out. Today, naturally, I can only sketch from hindsight, and in human words, what I then felt as an ape, and therefore I am sketching it incorrectly, but even if I can no longer attain the old apish truth, my description isn't basically off course, and no doubt about it. And yet, up to then, I had had so many ways out and now no longer one. I had boxed myself in. If I had been nailed down that couldn't have subtracted from my freedom of action. Why so? Scratch the skin between your toes till it bleeds, and you still won't find the reason. Press yourself backwards against the bars until they nearly cut you in two, you won't find the reason. I had no way out, but had to create one for myself, because without it I couldn't live. Always up against the side of that crate – I would definitely have dropped dead. But, for Hagenbeck, apes belong at the side of the crate – so I stopped being an ape. A lucid, elegant train of thought, which I must have somehow hatched out with my belly, because apes think with their belly.

I'm afraid that it may not be clearly understood what I mean by "a way out" I am using the phrase in its most common and most comprehensive sense. I purposely do not say "freedom". I don't mean that expansive feeling of freedom on all sides. As an ape I might have known it, and I've met human beings who long for it. As for me, however, I didn't desire freedom then, and I don't now. Incidentally: human beings fool themselves all too often on the subject of freedom. And just as freedom counts among the loftiest feelings, so does the corresponding delusion count among the loftiest. Often in vaudeville houses, before my act came on, I've seen some pair of artists do their trapeze routine way up near the ceiling. They swung to and fro, they rocked back and forth, they made leaps, they floated into each other's arms, one held the other by the hair with his teeth. That, too, is human freedom," I would muse, "movement achieved in sovereign self-confidence." You mockery of holy Nature! No building would remain unshaken by the laughter of the ape world at that sight. No, it wasn't freedom I wanted. Only a way out; to the right, to the left, in any direction at all; I made no other demands; even if the way out were a delusion; the demand was a small one, the delusion wouldn't be any bigger. To move forward, to move forward! Anything but standing still with raised arms, flattened against the side of a crate. Today I see it clearly: without the utmost inner calm

I would never have been able to save myself. And, in reality, I may owe everything that I've achieved to the calm that came over me after the first few days there on the ship. But, in turn, I probably owe that calm to the people on the ship. They're good sorts, despite everything. Even today I enjoy recalling the sound of their heavy steps, which at the time reechoed in my half-slumber. They had the habit of tackling everything as slowly as possible. If one of them wanted to rub his eyes, he would lift his hand as if it were a hanging weight. Their jokes were coarse but hearty. Their laughter was always mingled with a coughing sound that sounded dangerous but was insignificant. They always had something in their mouth they could spit out and they didn't care a bit where they spat it. They were always complaining that my fleas were jumping onto them; but they were never seriously mad at me for it; they were perfectly well aware that fleas thrive in my fur and that fleas jump; they reconciled themselves to it. When they had no duties, sometimes a few of them would sit down in a semicircle around me; they rarely spoke but just mumbled to one another like pigeons cooing; they would stretch out on crates and smoke their pipes; they would slap their knees the minute I made the slightest movement; and from time to time one of them would take a stick and tickle me where I liked it. If I were to be invited today to take part in a voyage on that ship, I would certainly decline the invitation, but it is equally certain that the memories I could muse over from my days between the decks there are not all unpleasant.

The calm I acquired in the company of those people restrained me especially from any attempt to escape. From the vantage point of today, it seems to me I had at least a vague notion that I had to find a way out if I were to survive, but that the way out was not to be attained by escape. I no longer know for certain whether escape was possible, but I think so; an ape probably always has some means of escape. With my teeth as they are today, I have to be careful even when cracking an ordinary nut, but at the time I would probably certainly have managed to bite through the lock on the door in a matter of time. I didn't. What would I have gained if I had? They would have caught me again the minute I stuck my head out and locked me in a cage that was worse yet; or else I might have escaped unnoticed and run over to other animals, for instance the giant snakes opposite me, and breathed my last in their embraces; or I might even have successfully stolen away onto the top deck and jumped overboard; in that case, I would have rocked on the ocean for a while and

then drowned. Deeds of desperation. My calculations weren't that human, but under the influence of my environment I behaved as if I had calculated it all. I didn't calculate, but I did observe things very calmly. I watched those human beings walk back and forth, always the same faces, the same motions; it often seemed to me as if it was just a single person. Well, that person or those persons were walking around unmolested. A lofty goal hazily entered my mind. Nobody promised me that, if I became like them, the bars would be removed. Promises like that based on apparently impossible terms just aren't made. But if the terms are met, later on the promises turn up exactly where they were formerly sought in vain. Now, there was nothing about these humans in themselves that allured me all that much. If I were a devotee of that above-mentioned freedom, I would certainly have chosen the ocean over the kind of way out that offered itself to me in the dull eyes of those people. At any rate, I had already been observing them long before I thought about such things; in fact, it was the accumulation of observations that first pushed me in the chosen direction. It was so easy to imitate people. I could already spit within the first few days. Then we would mutually spit in each other's faces; the only difference being that I licked my face clean afterwards, and they didn't. I was soon smoking a pipe like an old hand; if, when doing so, I still stuck my thumb into the bowl, everyone between the decks whooped with joy; it was only the difference between the empty and filled pipe that I didn't understand for a long time.

It was the liquor bottle that gave me most trouble. The smell was torture to me; I forced myself with all my strength; but weeks went by before I overcame the resistance. Oddly, it was these inward struggles that the people took more seriously than anything else about me. Although in my recollections I can't tell the people apart, there was one of them who came again and again, alone or with comrades, by day and night, at the most varied hours; he would place himself in front of me with the bottle and give me instruction. He couldn't comprehend me, he wanted to solve the riddle of my being. Slowly he uncorked the bottle and then looked at me to see if I had understood; I confess, I always watched him with frantic, exaggerated attention; no human teacher will ever find such a human pupil anywhere on earth; after the bottle was uncorked, he lifted it to his mouth; my eyes followed him all the way into his gullet; he nodded, contented with me, and put the bottle to his lips; I, delighted by dawning

knowledge, then squeal and scratch myself all over wherever I feel the need; he is happy, presses the bottle against his mouth and takes a swallow; I, impatient and desperate to emulate him, soil myself in my cage, and this, too, gives him great satisfaction; and now, holding the bottle far away from himself and lifting it toward himself again briskly, he bends backwards with pedagogical exaggeration and empties it in one draught. I, worn out by the excess of my desire, am unable to follow any longer and hang weakly on the bars while he concludes the theoretical instruction by rubbing his stomach and grinning. Only now does the practical exercise begin. Am I not too exhausted already by the theoretical part? Far too exhausted, most likely. That's how my destiny goes. All the same, I do the best I can as I reach for the bottle he holds out to me; trembling, I uncork it; as I succeed, I gradually acquire new strength; I lift the bottle, by this time imitating my model so closely that there's hardly any difference; I put it to my mouth and – and with loathing, with loathing, even though it's empty and only the smell is left, with loathing I throw it on the ground. To my teacher's sorrow, to my own greater sorrow; I fail to make things right with either him or myself when, even after throwing away the bottle, I don't forget to do an excellent job of rubbing my stomach and grinning at the same time. Things went that way all too often during my course of instruction. And to my teacher's credit: he wasn't angry with me; true, he sometimes held his lit pipe against my fur until it started to get singed in some spot that was very hard to reach, but then he would put it out again himself with his gigantic, kindly hand; he wasn't angry with me, he realised that we were both lighting as allies against ape nature, and the difficulty was more on my side.

What a victory it was, then, for him and for me, when one evening, before a large group of spectators – maybe it was a party, a gramophone was playing, an officer was walking about among the men – when on that evening, while no one was observing me, I grasped a liquor bottle that had been accidentally left in front of my cage, uncorked it according to all the rules as the people paid increasingly greater attention, put it to my mouth and, without hesitating, without twisting my lips, like a drinker from way back, with rolling eyes and gurgling throat, really and truly emptied the bottle; threw it away, no longer like someone in despair, but like an artiste; did actually forget to rub my stomach; but, instead, because I simply had to, because I had the urge to, because my senses were in an uproar – in a word,

I called out “Hello” breaking into human speech, leaping into the human community by means of that outcry, and feeling its echo, “Listen, he's talking”, like a kiss all over my sweat-soaked body. I repeat: I didn't imitate human beings because they appealed to me; I imitated because I was looking for a way out, for no other reason. And that victory still didn't amount to much. My speaking voice failed me again immediately, and it took months for it to come back; my aversion to the liquor bottle returned and was even stronger than before. But, all the same, my course was set once and for all.

When I was handed over to the first trainer in Hamburg, I immediately recognised the two possibilities that were open to me: zoo or vaudeville. I didn't hesitate. I told myself make every effort to get into vaudeville; that's the way out; the zoo is just another cage; once you land there, you're lost. And I learned, gentlemen. Oh, you learn when you have to; you learn when you want a way out; you learn regardless of all else. You observe yourself, whip in hand; you lacerate yourself at the least sign of resistance. My ape nature, turning somersaults, raged out of me and away, so that my first teacher nearly became apelike himself, and soon had to give up the instruction and go to a sanatorium. Fortunately he came out again before long. But I used up many teachers, sometimes a few teachers simultaneously. When I had become more sure of my abilities, when the public was following my progress and my future began to look bright, I took on teachers on my own, sat them down in five successive rooms and took lessons from all of them at once, uninterruptedly leaping from one room to another. That progress! That penetration of rays of knowledge from all sides into my awakening brain! I won't deny it: it made me happy. But I also admit: I didn't overestimate it, not even then, let alone today. Through an effort that hasn't found its match on earth to the present day, I have attained the educational level of an average European. Perhaps that wouldn't be anything by itself, but it is really something when you consider that it helped me out of my cage and gave me this particular way out, this human way out. There's an excellent German expression: *sich in die Bresche schlagen*, to steal away secretly. That's what I did, I stole away secretly. I had no other way, always presupposing that I couldn't choose freedom. When I survey my development and the goal it has had up to now, I am neither unhappy nor contented. My hands in my trousers pockets, the wine bottle on the table, I half recline, half sit, in my rocking chair and look out the window. When a visitor comes, I

receive him in a proper manner. My impresario sits in the anteroom; when I ring, he comes and listens to what I have to say. There's a performance almost every evening, and my success probably can't get much greater. When I come home late at night from banquets, learned societies or friendly gatherings, a little half-trained female chimpanzee is waiting for me and I have a good time with her, ape fashion; in the daytime I don't want to see her, because her eyes have that deranged look which bewildered trained animals have; I'm the only one who recognises it, and I can't stand it. All in all, however, I have achieved what I wanted to achieve. Let nobody say that it wasn't worth the trouble. Anyway, I don't want any human being's opinion, I merely wish to disseminate information; I am merely making a report; even to you, gentlemen of the Academy, I have merely made a report.

—Franz Kafka (1917)

¶ UNESCO *

has succeeded in the transposition of the “International Convention on the Immunity for the Emigrant Artist” – regarding visa regime issues after the last state member of the UNESCO General-Conference adapted the law relating to the free movement of artists.

The decree was approved by the UNESCO-General-Conference in 2011's last meeting in Paris. The decrees' special concern is to provide emigrant artists with a particular status of immunity. With the Artist Immunity implemented, the decree states that artists will be: free to travel across the borders of the Globe; provided with necessary working permits; enabled to produce art works; and facilitated with a right to reside in the country of their choice.

The privilege of the Artist Immunity will be granted to everyone (irrespective of race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, economic status or birth) who can successfully verify and confirm their artistic status to the state's authority in the country of their choice.

Etymologically the term schizophrenia means *a splitting of the mind*. As an expatriate Syrian working internationally, I have become ever more aware of our tendency to harbour internal divides that separate one community from another. Looking closely at these divides, they are extremely complex and difficult to grasp. If we can think of the city, our home, as an entity unto itself – with many perspectives voiced in many different ways – it becomes clear that the contemporary situation in many states and cities around the world is still one of a schizophrenic or rather *schizotopic* tendency.

Personally – and unfortunately – I grew up in an occupied territory called Golan Heights, where the conflict remains unresolved since 1967. Half of my village is under the control of Israeli occupation, and the other half is in the Syrian part. By being there, I've experienced the effects that war can have to scatter and separate a family. This situation I have in my small village is spreading now, almost, everywhere in Syria. The whole society seems to be vertically divided in two: *with vs. against*. It was so sad to witness how differences in ideology can cause and maintain turmoil both between and within people.

In 2012 while the conflict in Syria is at it's most extreme, I got invited to deal with another complicated one: I was an artist in residence at the International Culture Arts Network program in Derry~Londonderry in Northern Ireland. At the beginning I had my doubts in going there and dealing with a history that is not my own. But later I thought it might be interesting to go and see there what the future of the conflict in Syria might look like, and to figure out how Northern Irish society is progressing since the Good Friday Agreement of 1998.

After having spent some considered time in Derry~Londonderry, I was surprised to find out that society in modern Northern Ireland is still so divided and antagonistic. The double naming of the place, the separate housing, schools and taxi companies all have me wondering about the failures that persist and maintain this internal strife – they've even appropriated the Israeli and Palestinian flags and adapted the situation as their own!

In my experience, these examples make it clear that there is a certain inability for people within the society to meet each other on common ground,

revealing the emblematic confusions and numerous distortions that occur within and throughout the city. While the Foyle River – like an ocean or a border – can be bridged, the pain and destruction of ideological forces is extremely difficult to overcome, especially as it seems to be intentionally maintained. What divides them has to be made opaque; they are close to meeting on a common ground but cannot quite reach each other – though not from a lack of vision.

I thought to somehow move the two figures of Maurice Harron's 25 year old *Hands Across the Divide* iconic sculpture, that is centrally located on the bridge between Catholic and Protestant areas, a few centimeters towards each other. The sculpture embodies two men at the moment just before shaking hands. And yet, as immobile forms in bronze, they are perpetually unable to do so – to actually meet and feel the reciprocity of the shake. There's a vacuous space between their hands that is loaded with tension and charged with decades of frustration.

Materialized Distance is a new sculpture that sets the negative space between the aforementioned hands of Harron's *Hands Across The Divide* with a palpable form, around which four other multimedia works revolve. This negative space between the hands was captured by a panoramic laser camera and subsequently translated into a *3D print to be used later to cast the final sculpture for the exhibition space. The inability to meet is, using a rather advanced technology, shown for what it is – an intentionally complex abstraction.

It must not be a coincidence that the images I made using the 3D camera for the production of the sculptures *Materialized Distance* also resulted in distorted yet beautiful images themselves. In these laser photographs an entire 360 degree panorama of the statue is captured by the camera over time, so that, in the image, everything in movement becomes deformed whilst the sculpture remains intact.

These images reflect on the fact that, of course, any sort of reconciliation or healing will take time, that it is not simply bandaged and fixed, but rather that both sides need to relinquish a scaffolding of historical pain, realize their own image as a whole, and work towards getting over the psychological barrier that is written all over the city.

By revealing the processes that lead to the making of the sculpture, and by inverting the testimony of the city into the gallery space, and vice-versa, my

hope is that a new perspective on a persistent challenge may emerge, and that the city may begin to cultivate their space mutually, recognizing that the place of reconciliation is all around them, just waiting to be grasped...

—Khaled Barakeh

¶ B l i n d C r o s s i n g

He takes a while to assess the traffic, gauging its habits, its instincts, its nature, marvelling at its variety, baffled by its homogeneity. He watches as people and animals negotiate this gorge-like cut in the city with its incessant torrent of mopeds punctuated from time to time by the occasional small truck or car. He occasionally throws out a limb into the stream, only to retract it again, testing, watching as the flow reclaims the space it momentarily commanded. In this way a trust of sorts is established – a common understanding between him and the endlessly replenished them. The leg again – consistently repellent – but once again retracted. Bolstered in his actions by the syncopated chatter of horns – a staccato commentary, neither applause nor reproach – he finally takes the plunge. Stepping forward, bespectacled-eyes now tightly shut, it's as if he's operating, momentarily at least, in a mutually negotiated bubble, a protective zone, built on a solid but none-the-less exhilarating fundament of instinct, habit, self-interest and sociability. He's engulfed, sucked forward in the slipstream, wing-like, elated. The only hazard, he speculates, might come from the inanimate flotsam that's carried along on this swell – a ladder, a bamboo pole, some wildly oversized cargo – the inevitable out-rigging of this two-wheeled-world. His head goes down a little. He loses his sense of time. He imagines the scene captured by a long-exposure photograph, all pre-cinematic paddling against the tide, then he imagines everything from above, all ripple tank refractions. The traffic's cacophony gives way to moments of clarity, pinpricks of sound puncturing the bubble, orientating his movement, guiding him on. And then suddenly it's done. This heady cocktail of recklessly selfish experimentation and something approximating collaboration, abruptly ends as one foot hits the high curb on the opposite side. The river releases him, gasping, ecstatic, on to its bank – his manic half-smile breaking into a broad euphoric grin, his eyes back in the light.

—Simon Starling (2013)

SHAME ON YOU




when they scream SHAME ON YOU do they understand
no NOT
its just massive attack
group thinking
how stupid it is
just leave them and think what are you saying
maybe its massive stupidity

I was searching for explaining about group screaming SHAME ON YOU
but couldnt find
there is more theory about shame of
child ,ugly person, love and and

when i was watching the Video and saw this screaming People to this guys
I thought about how we want to be free but dont give freedom to another people

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h5WXoqt-OTA>

SAY IT



¶ Le Bordel d'Avignon –
2nd draft

Chor – Alle(s)

died – ehemaliger Kosmonautenanwärter, heute
Entrepreneur der Wissensindustrie

diet – ehemaliger Kosmonaut, heute Fußgänger-
zonenmaler

rain – Kinderbuchkritiker, Sprachgefühls- und
Menschenkenner

[...]

(Darkness)

song #1 (Chor)

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

*if you don't look good and i don't look good and we
don't look good*

(Sternenhimmel. Im Mondlicht: diet airbrusht
blaue Kreise mit verschwommenen weißen und
grün-braunen Partien auf schwarzgrundierte Ferti-
gleinwände, die er aus einem Amazon-Pappkarton
nimmt. died malt akribisch Gesteinsinformationen
auf die unteren Bildkanten, während rain emsig,
panisch zwischen auf die Sternformationen ger-
ichteten Beobachtungswerkzeugen, gedruckten
Darstellungen der selben und den Bildern diets und
dieds herumläuft)

died:

Das Riesige scheint eingetroffen. Hinter, über und
um uns herum. Ob wir es nun Internet, Authen-
tizität oder globalen Kapitalismus nennen wollen.

diet:
Das Riesige.

Chor:

ssssssssssssssssss

In einem angenommenen konstanten Datenstrom
sind materielle Körper – meiner, deiner oder der
des Laptops vor mir – dem Fluss nicht mehr ge-
genübergestellt. Sie sind integraler Bestandteil von
ihm. Sie scheinen sich auszudehnen und hier, dort
und dort drüben gleichzeitig zu sein.

ssssssssssssssssss

Welche Konsequenzen entstehen daraus für unsere
stabil und autonom gedachten bürgerlichen Iden-
titäts- und Objektmodelle, wie *Ich Ich Ich* oder
Malerei? Wie können wir zu einer sich annäh-
ernden, umkreisenden Beschreibung dieses Riesi-
gen gelangen? Wie sind die Räume ohne Außen, die
mixed emotions, double binds, wicked problems,
Kippbilder und Grauzonen zu fassen und bewohn-
bar zu machen?

ssssssss...

rain:
Abschreiben der WELT!

Chor:

...sssssssstuck

died:

Höhlenmalerei ist keine individuelle Expression,
sondern externalisierender Bewältigungsmechani-
mus der überwältigenden Welterfahrung.

rain:

Soeben durch mich hindurch gefahrenes Expres-
sivitätsereignis!

Chor:

ssssssss...

died:

Das könnte mit der Hoffnung auf weniger Deter-
minismus bedeuten: Ausdruck um dem Realität-
shorror zu verdauen, ihn als jetzt, historisch und
zukünftig verorten zu können. Ihn begreifbar und
somit verhandelbar zu machen — vor allem nicht
von ihm zermüht zu werden.

diet:

Mit den Modi der Phantastik Wahrheit in ihrer
Regelmäßigkeit und Widersprüchlichkeit durchex-
erzieren und nicht mit dem zu Beschreibenden
identische Wahrhaftigkeitsdarstellungen anzielen.

...sssssstuck

sssssssssssssssstucksssssssssssssstuck
sssssssssssssssstuck
sssssssssssssssstucksssssssssssssstuck
sssssssssssssssstucksssssssssssssstuck
sssssssssssssssstuck
uuuuUUuuuuuuuuUUuUUu
sssssssssssssssstucksssssssssssssstuck
sssssssssssssssstucksssssssssssssstuck
sssssssssssssssstuck

*...wie schöööön das wäääre!
Wer den Tod auf dem Feld der Ehre sucht, macht es
sich zu leicht –
schubidu
anstrengender und notwendiger ist es, wider die
eigene Erschöpfung
schubdidu
weiterzuleben, wenn denn der beispielgebende Mut
schubidu
den man dafür braucht, anderen dazu verhilft
schubdibdu*

*auch über ihre Angst hinauszuwachsen
Wie schöööön das wääääre.*

[...]

died:

Einige von uns nahmen sich Affen, Quallen...

(Sternschnuppenblinzeln am Firmament)

diet:

...Wassertaucher...

(Sternschnuppenblinzeln am Firmament)

rain:

...oder Spiegelneuronen als Studienobjekte.

(Sternschnuppenblinzeln am Firmament)

died, diet & rain:

Wir ertappten uns dabei Kunstwerke als Cartoons zu betrachten. Der Film *Who framed Roger Rabbit* war hier prägend. Kunst Dinge schienen uns, wie die Toons im Film, nach unserer menschlichen Welt gebaut, aber in einer aufgedrehteren, dehnbareren, lauterer und bunteren Stadt neben der Unseren angesiedelt zu sein.

rain:

In Konsequenz ist Bob Hoskins als Detektiv im Film aber auch der Spiegel vom Cartoon Hasen.

diet:

Roger und Hoskins bewegen sich, als Malmännlein die sie sind, in einer Welt flächiger Farben und breiter Pinselstriche.

died:

Diese Bezüglichkeit wäre ebenfalls in Hoskins Begehren gegenüber der Toon-Schönheit Jessica Rabbit, als auch anhand der Kippfigur zwischen Mensch und Toon, des Bösewichts Judge Doom, festzuhalten.

So wurde aus dem Studienobjekt Kunst als Cartoon: Comicbilder als Statthalter.

diet:

Und in Folge wurden Subjektivitätsfragen zu Fragen nach Comicsubjektivitäten.

rain:

Wir, das irre Ich.

(Ein riesiges, rundes, blaues Auge, mit verschwommenen weißen und grün-braunen Partien, zieht am Sternenhimmel auf)

song #4 (Auge, Chor, died, diet, rain)

Hier stehen wir nun.

uu uu uuu

Icharbeit im Zeitalter des Horrors?

uuuuUUuuuu

Wie kommen wir rein, um wieder raus zukommen?

(Ist das im Zeitalter des Riesigen überhaupt noch eine Frage?)

uuuuUUuUUuu

Inselgruppen gegen Autonomie?

aaaAAuuuu

Welches Leben passt zu diesen Dingen?

uuuuUUuUUuu

Wie passt unser Leben zu dem Leben, das zu diesen Dingen passt?

uu uu uuu

[...]

—Tonio Kröner

Im Grunde war die Truhe, auf die ein gewisser Herr Vater dort und dort im Jahr 2008 aufmerksam machte, recht unspektakulär. Von rechteckiger Form, waren ihre Wände aus einem nicht näher ergründbaren, polierten Metall gefertigt. Durch die Jahre – und es müssen schon einige vergangen sein – war jenes an einigen Stellen abgenutzt und stumpf geworden, so dass, stand man davor, das eigene Spiegelbild von blinden Flecken übersät erschien.

Was nun diese Truhe von anderen Kästen ähnlichen Stils unterschied, war weniger die Art und Weise, wie diese gefertigt war – betrachtete man sie genauer, so wurde man eher auf ihr einfaches, in Handarbeit hergestelltes, ja gänzlich schmuckloses Äußeres gestoßen.

Was das Besondere dieser Truhe ausmachte, war ihre Höhe. In ihrer Nähe angekommen, konnte man nicht ohne Weiteres in sie hineingucken. Einige Kraft war nötig, sich an der Wand hochzuziehen, um einen kurzen Blick ins Innere zu werfen.

Über die Zeit entwickelte sich ein regelrechter Kult um die Truhe, so dass sich schon kurze Zeit, nachdem sie aufgetaucht war, wahre Pilgerströme auf den Weg machten, denen Herr zu werden etliche Probleme aufwarf. Ein Komitee von Bürgern wurde daraufhin installiert, um die Frage, was mit der Truhe geschehen sollte, in einem möglichst transparenten Verfahren zu klären. Zu Beginn wollte man die Truhe ihrem rechtmäßigen Besitzer anlasten und ihn alleinig für deren Entsorgung zur Verantwortung ziehen. Da sich aber keiner mehr erinnern konnte, wem sie eigentlich gehörte, noch wann sie eigentlich aufgetaucht war, entschied man sich, eine öffentliche Anhörung um den Verbleib ins Leben zu rufen.

Unterschiedlichste Vorschläge gingen ein. Man könnte in eine der Seiten eine Türe schneiden und die Truhe damit begehbar machen oder ihr einen Sockel am Eingang der Stadt errichten, wo sie an der nördlichen Einfallstraße zwischen unzähligen asphaltierten Spuren Autofahrer begrüßen würde. Andere wollten sie einfach in den Fluss werfen. Man entschied sich letztlich, sie an prominenter Stelle in die Erde zu lassen, um in ihr Honoratioren und reiche Bürger zu begraben. Mutter erzählt diese Geschichte und sie ist Tatsache.

It was an icy day.
We buried the cat,
then took her box
and set fire to it
in the back yard.
Those fleas that escaped
earth and fire
died by the cold.

—William Carlos Williams

Geister

Dies ist nach den Worten von Qavviaktoq ein wahrer Bericht darüber, was ihm und seinem Freund einst bei der Robbenjagd auf dem Eis widerfuhr. Sie hatten nur wenig zu essen mitgenommen, und ihre Hunde hatten das wenige aufgefressen. Qavviaktoq ging deshalb Rebhühner jagen. In der Zwischenzeit sammelte sein Freund Treibholz und baute ein Schneehaus.

Am nächsten Morgen gingen sie auf Robbenfang, jeder in eine andere Richtung.

Qavviaktoq machte eine erste Beute und näherte sich dann den anderen Robben, die er ringsumher auf dem Eis liegen sah. Er bemerkte jedoch, dass er sich, je länger er lief, immer weiter von der Beute zu entfernen schien.

Es waren keine gewöhnlichen Robben, sondern gefährliche Wesen. Es waren Geister, die Robbengestalt angenommen hatten und ihn weiter und immer weiter trieben, um ihn am Ende zu töten. Von großer Furcht ergriffen, eilte er zurück zu seinem Gefährten, der auch etwas zu berichten hatte.

Er war von zwei Geistern verfolgt worden und hatte ihre Spuren im Schnee entdeckt.

Zunächst glaubte er, es wären Leute aus dem Dorf, die ihm einen Streich spielen wollten. Als er jedoch die Spuren plötzlich verschwinden sah, als hätten sich die zwei Wesen in Luft aufgelöst, bekam er Angst und kehrte zu seinen Hunden zurück. Heißt es doch, Hunde schützen in solchen Fällen mit Zauberkraften.

Die beiden jungen Männer verbrachten den Abend damit, zu essen und sich wieder und immer wieder ihre Abenteuer zu erzählen.

Der nächste Tag war stürmisch, und Qavviaktoq wollte nicht aufbrechen. Sein Gefährte drängte ihn jedoch so sehr, dass er schließlich nachgab und beide kehrten mitten im Sturm heim.

*Ein Junge mit zwei Hund-Brüdern
und einer Hund-Mutter*

Zwei Männer gingen mit ihrer Hündin auf Eisbärenjagd. Hinter ihnen brach das Eis, und sie trieben lange auf dem Ozean. Beide wurden Ehemänner der Hündin.

Sie war trächtig, als das Eis abermals brach. Sie wurde von den Männern getrennt und geriet, den Wellen preisgegeben, in ein fernes Land.

Ein altes Ehepaar fand die Hündin und gewährte ihr, glücklich darüber, dass sie ihnen bald Welpen schenken würde, Obdach.

Bald auch brachte die Hündin drei Junge zur Welt: zwei davon waren Welpen, das dritte war ein Menschenkind, ein Junge.

Das greise Paar zog den Jungen auf, der schon ungewöhnlich geschickt und kräftig war. Er übte sich indes, noch stärker zu werden.

Der Junge hatte sich in den Kopf gesetzt, gegen die Menschenfresser zu kämpfen, von denen er gehört hatte.

Nachdem er schon in seinen Tagträumen gegen sie gekämpft und den Sieg davongetragen hatte, machte er aus seinem Vorhaben Ernst.

Er baute sich einen Schlitten und ließ ihn von seinen Hund-Brüdern und seiner Hund-Mutter ziehen.

Als der Junge aufbrach, fuhr er so geschwind, dass die in der Nähe Stehenden sie nicht einmal sehen konnten. Nur ein Knirschen im Schnee war zu hören.

Am ersten Abend machte er halt an einem freundlichen Ort, wo man ihn gut aufnahm.

Am nächsten Tag erreichte er das Land der Menschenfresser, und es gelang ihm, alle zu töten.

Die Frau mit dem Kopf-Mann

Es war einmal ein Mädchen, das wollte nicht heiraten.

Jedes Mal, wenn sie fortging, hängte sie ihre Schlaffelle an die Wände ihres Schneehauses.

Des Nachts sprach sie stets mit leiser Stimme.

Der Mutter, die das hören konnte, wurde bange.

Eines Tages, als das Mädchen außer Haus war, schlug sie die Felle auseinander und fand darin einen Menschenkopf. Ohne ihn mit den Händen zu berühren, schleuderte sie ihn fort ins Wasser.

In der Nacht darauf hörte das Mädchen nicht auf zu weinen. Sie stand auf und suchte den Kopf ihres Mannes. Die Blutspur führte sie zu einer Stelle im Meer, die frei von Eis war.

Sie nahm ein Robbenfell, breitete es auf dem Wasser aus und sprang darauf. So konnte sie die blutige Spur erkennen, die der Kopf auf seiner Bahn durch das Wasser gezogen hatte.

Sie lief ihr nach und bat um Hilfe. Doch die Menschen, denen sie begegnete, taten nichts für sie.

Schließlich gelangte sie zu einem Iglu, wo sie ihren sonderbaren Ehemann zusammen mit Wölfen, Vielfraßen, Möwen und Raben hausen sah.

Alle brachten ihr etwas zu essen. Ihr Kopf-Mann wollte jedoch nicht mit ihr zurückkehren und sprach:

* Included by Johanna Kintner.

„Deine Familie mag mich nicht, geh allein nach Hause. Doch hüte dich! Geh nicht den oberen Weg entlang, nimm den unteren!“

Vielleicht hörte sie nicht mehr richtig, was er sagte, denn sie war schon wieder fort – jedenfalls nahm sie den oberen Weg und geriet an einen Fluss.

Am gegenüberliegenden Ufer standen große Schneehäuser.

Ein Mann sprang in sein Kajak, paddelte in die Mitte des Stromes und fing an zu fischen. Er sang dabei ein Zaubерlied.

Ehe die Frau begriff, wie ihr geschah, fand sie sich nackt im Kajak des Mannes wieder.

Er brachte sie ans Ufer, und dort befahl eine alte Frau sie in ihr Haus. Sie war die Herrscherin über alle Tiere auf dem Lande und im Meer. Sie war auf dem Mond.

Die Frau verbrachte dort oben einige Zeit. Als die Stunde gekommen war, wieder zu gehen, gab die alte Frau ihr ein Messer und sagte:

„Sobald du mit dem großen Zeh den Erdboden berührst, schneide das Seil über deinem Kopf ab!“

Das Mädchen rutschte am Seil hinunter. Als ihr großer Zeh den Erdboden berührte, versuchte sie, das Seil über ihrem Kopf zu durchtrennen.

Das missglückte ihr aber, und plötzlich merkte sie, wie sie sich wieder aufwärts bewegte.

Sie war in eine kleine Spinne verwandelt worden.

Der Eisbär und die Eule

Ein Eisbär lief am Ufer auf und ab. Zufällig stieß er auf eine Schnee-Eule, die unbeweglich auf einem kleinen Erdhügel saß. Er pöbelte sie an:

„Du da oben! Willst du ewig so steif dort hocken bleiben? Sehr sie euch an: Sie zuckt nicht mal mit den Lidern!“

Die Schnee-Eule antwortete:

„Und du da! Seht ihn euch an: Wie er die Backen zusammenkneift, und wie dreckig ist sein Hinterteil!“

Der Eisbär stürzte sich mit aufgerissenem Rachen auf die Schnee-Eule. Seine Kiefer schnappten zu, doch verfehlten sie die Eule um Haaresbreite. Sie flog auf und davon, in den Himmel hinein.

¶ 3 x 10 to the 8th Frames per Second

On a train from Frankfurt aM to Berlin after just having finished reading José de Jesús Martínez's *Teoría Del Vuelo*, published on the occasion of Michael Stevenson's high-flying optico-mathematical, metaphysics-as-architecture exhibition *A Life of Crudity, Vulgarity, and Blindness at, on, in and around Portikus*

1.

Three times ten to the power of 8 is the common appellation – for specialists and nonspecialists alike – of the speed of light (in metres per second) – three-hundred-million. But this common notation is a short cut, it overestimates the speed of light, and the simple notation becomes a marker of the superluminal or faster than light (by about 207,542 metres a second). 3×10 to the 8 is actually larger than c – (celeritas) but is anyways used to represent it numerically.

What fascinates me about the superluminal is its ability to transcend and warp time-space and the mind. It unfolds into a weightlessness that can get behind or surpass the world, and indeed the laws of the cosmos, at will.

Hidden in the transluminal duration is a radically other concept of distance and place. To explain by example: It is known that the sun we see in the sky and feel on our skin is in fact not where we see it when we see it. That is because of the distance between that class G fusion reactor we call the sun and our observant bodies on the surface of this earth-like planet. The distance is, well, ... astronomical. The light of the sun travels 8 minutes and 33 seconds to reach us. So we terrestrially observe the sun from where it was these 513 seconds ago, and that is where we observe it – in the past-position. (see part 3. below)

The same goes for every star, and cosmological sciences are constantly dealing with things where they merely appear to be – where they were some billions or millions of “years” ago. Looking any great distance is looking back in time. So what does this mean for appearances here, in the earth's atmosphere, the human continuum? Are all the images that light composes not also taking place in some other time, some other space... some other dimension? Everything is illuminated from the past,

... there is this deep tradition in what the west has termed metaphysics that can be boiled down to: what you see is not what you get, and this confusing play of position, duration and observation seems to me to bring that to bear (though without any necessary dogmatism).

The suggestion then is that no object or image has weight and actually always takes place elsewhere. The only access we can seem then to have is a migratory and transient faster-than-light-ness... after-image meets pre-cognitive collapse. A cosmic joke then surely makes up mostly everything that sensorially occurs during the day-lit hours (does one sense the processes of thought?).

2.

I emerged from that tunnel on the other side. The clarity of the early morning that had previously allowed me to see the fisherman all set up there down by the shimmering lake had now turned so viscous and thick that the sun, in its unknown position, became the shadow of itself. The dense fog added a weighty mystery to my train of thought.

Now with the murky atmosphere I can stare directly at the dark sun without apparent damages to my vision, but the sun's not really there at all anyways – it's folded or curled into some observatory of some other distant galaxy's earthlike planet's observatory – being mined for its spectral lines ... I wonder what those distant astronomers would say they truly know? Would they insist on anything at all?

Another tunnel and everything becomes clear again. I can discern the clouds in the sky from the rocks in the forest, I have a perspective and it's an uncanny situation, these atmospheric discrepancies. We're crossing a bridge and as I gaze down into where the serene little German valley should be, there is not even a remnant, only a dense cloud-river of fog between the hills beneath me, obscuring my sight.

The pressures all change in these tunnels and my ears *pop* – something to do with penetrative speeds and air pressure densities. I am unsure for some moments of which way is up, or even in which lateral direction we might be moving. But surely none of that matters – perhaps everything is only proportionately expanding – in any case what could up possibly mean?

3.

I arrange a series of lenses and mirrors in space as my mind. I focus on the actual position of our star, and mark it there where it is and then draw a straight superluminal line to where a being is observing it, all the while marking its simultaneous, though radically separated occurrences, in realtime. I connect the dots. Quite surprisingly a tremendous 7 dimensional arc appears –glimmering. What does this arc open to I wonder?

— Jol Thomson (2012)

It was at Megara, a suburb of Carthage, in the gardens of Hamilcar. The soldiers whom he had commanded in Sicily were having a great feast to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Eryx, and as the master was away, and they were numerous, they ate and drank with perfect freedom.

The captains, who wore bronze cothurni, had placed themselves in the central path, beneath a gold-fringed purple awning, which reached from the wall of the stables to the first terrace of the palace; the common soldiers were scattered beneath the trees, where numerous flat-roofed buildings might be seen, wine-presses, cellars, storehouses, bakeries, and arsenals, with a court for elephants, dens for wild beasts, and a prison for slaves.

Fig-trees surrounded the kitchens; a wood of sycamores stretched away to meet masses of verdure, where the pomegranate shone amid the white tufts of the cotton-plant; vines, grape-laden, grew up into the branches of the pines; a field of roses bloomed beneath the plane-trees; here and there lilies rocked upon the turf; the paths were strewn with black sand mingled with powdered coral, and in the centre the avenue of cypress formed, as it were, a double colonnade of green obelisks from one extremity to the other.

Far in the background stood the palace, built of yellow mottled Numidian marble, broad courses supporting its four terraced stories. With its large, straight, ebony staircase, bearing the prow of a vanquished galley at the corners of every step, its red doors quartered with black crosses, its brass gratings protecting it from scorpions below, and its trellises of gilded rods closing the apertures above, it seemed to the soldiers in its haughty opulence as solemn and impenetrable as the face of Hamilcar. The Council had appointed his house for the holding of this feast; the convalescents lying in the temple of Eschmoun had set out at daybreak and dragged themselves thither on their crutches. Every minute others were arriving. They poured in ceaselessly by every path like torrents rushing into a lake; through the trees the slaves of the kitchens might be seen running scared and half-naked; the gazelles fled bleating on the lawns; the sun was setting, and the perfume of citron trees rendered the exhalation from the perspiring crowd heavier still.

Men of all nations were there, Ligurians, Lusitanians, Balearians, Negroes, and fugitives from Rome. Beside the heavy Dorian dialect were audible the resonant Celtic syllables rattling like chariots of war, while Ionian terminations conflicted with consonants of the desert as harsh as the jackal's cry. The Greek might be recognised by his slender figure, the Egyptian by his elevated shoulders, the Cantabrian by his broad calves. There were Carians proudly nodding their helmet plumes, Cappadocian archers displaying large flowers painted on their bodies with the juice of herbs, and a few Lydians in women's robes, dining in slippers and earrings. Others were ostentatiously daubed with vermilion, and resembled coral statues.

They stretched themselves on the cushions, they ate squatting round large trays, or lying face downwards they drew out the pieces of meat and sated themselves, leaning on their elbows in the peaceful posture of lions tearing their prey. The last comers stood leaning against the trees watching the low tables half hidden beneath the scarlet coverings, and awaiting their turn.

Hamilcar's kitchens being insufficient, the Council had sent them slaves, ware, and beds, and in the middle of the garden, as on a battle-field when they burn the dead, large bright fires might be seen, at which oxen were roasting. Anise-sprinkled loaves alternated with great cheeses heavier than discuses, crateras filled with wine, and cantharuses filled with water, together with baskets of gold filigree-work containing flowers. Every eye was dilated with the joy of being able at last to gorge at pleasure, and songs were beginning here and there.

First they were served with birds and green sauce in plates of red clay relieved by drawings in black, then with every kind of shell-fish that is gathered on the Punic coasts, wheaten porridge, beans and barley, and snails dressed with cumin on dishes of yellow amber.

Afterwards the tables were covered with meats, antelopes with their horns, peacocks with their feathers, whole sheep cooked in sweet wine, haunches of she-camels and buffaloes, hedgehogs with garum, fried grasshoppers, and preserved dormice. Large pieces of fat floated in the midst of saffron in bowls of Tamrapanni wood. Everything was running over with wine, truffles, and asafoetida. Pyramids of fruit were crumbling upon honeycombs, and they had not forgotten a few of those plump little dogs

with pink silky hair and fattened on olive lees, – a Carthaginian dish held in abhorrence among other nations. Surprise at the novel fare excited the greed of the stomach. The Gauls with their long hair drawn up on the crown of the head, snatched at the water-melons and lemons, and crunched them up with the rind. The Negroes, who had never seen a lobster, tore their faces with its red prickles. But the shaven Greeks, whiter than marble, threw the leavings of their plates behind them, while the herdsmen from Brutium, in their wolf-skin garments, devoured in silence with their faces in their portions.

Night fell. The velarium, spread over the cypress avenue, was drawn back, and torches were brought.

— Gustave Flaubert: *Salammbô* (1862), Chapter 1

¶ *

A man digs a hole in a garden
the atlantic sea breeze rattles the palm tree
they do not wake, they do not sleep,
nor do they stand or dream
in the forest the shadows grow long and a pine tree
trunk splits a crack
stare it or her or him, that prick – your master,
straight in the eye
somebody is dreaming of leaving and never coming
back
wakening not knowing whos dream it is
he sleeps and wakes and sleeps and wakes and
sleeps
She leaves those years, hiking for that blue crystal
cave
in india he sits on the sun blazed ground, trying to
tame king snake
this is where the dunkelheit comes from
higher than the sun, the wild-eyed kite flyer
the black hand and their firm young bodies
A man collects shells on the beach
rocks, wood, fishing line
standing there, looking at what have been done
we enter, the rain is raging down
it is happening again
whistling through the graveyard
in that room with no straight angles, again
observing the colour of your eyes, he is there, Der
Teufel
behind your shoulder, grinning at you
smiling star-wide, kneeling before the white throne
chasing that old stinking man
that night they threw tulips, poppies and night-
shade from the forth floor window, pottery smashed
on the asphalt
his heart bleeding, he lifts up a stone face, throwing
it all in the hole
pissing against the wind, at war for youth.
the fire was made, blazing, licking the clouds and
the trees and the leaves
leaving nothing but dust
the child tells you why with red blood running from
those two holes
A pathetic attempt reveals seven kaleidoscope flow-
ers in the backyard
Into the castle from the dream, the knotty face is
screaming
“Adeus!!”
a snoring dog behind the mirror reflecting a naked
woman behind a dead fox behind an ancient stone
sculpture behind this voice is gone and going to tell

* Included by Andreas Bülow Cosmus.

“A heartfelt thank you

K.Orton, L.Bohnenstengel, T.Henderson, J.Jensen,
A.Rand, M.Leckey, B.Camplin, D.Gordon, Mor og far &
everybody”

you the stories
 We are not permitted yet
 the last twelve hours has been sleeping for one hundred years
 deep blue grapes, crushed under lustful dancing feet
 in Setúbal she sings in the sea chapel, faces washed
 by the old salt,
 prepared for whatever may come
 the old wheel is turning, rolling, tumbling
 I told you, did I not ?
 the fox approaches, lurking in the distant, now
 hiding behind a rock
 out comes he, the coyote, getting closer, you see
 he sniffs around, watching
 those yellow eyes. Gone behind a mound
 the bear chose to step forward, three winds in the
 ravens wings.
 slowly, but surely
 getting closer
 Go on then, enter the fire
 Destruction is at hand.

—Trollvind Miror

¶ A New Plea for Diagonal Science *

Progress in the sciences has been achieved at the cost of their increased specialization. A scientist is one who knows everything, or almost everything, about an ever more restricted domain—which is now almost infinitesimal compared to the full scope of knowledge. As for what remains outside his field, each scientist relies on other scholars; whether these fields are distant or nearby, he knows that they are just as narrow as his own. By definition, they are closed off to him, but he knows and relies on the fact that others like him are leading the same fight on other fronts. Inspired by the same ideal, they are applying comparable methods and submitting their intuitions to similar kinds of controls. Infinitely ramified, today's scientific knowledge is very fragmented. It forms an immense puzzle, and everybody is acquainted with a single piece that has been oddly and often arbitrarily (if not maliciously) carved out. However, almost no one can perceive or suspect its general physiognomy, the coherent picture that would give unity and meaning to the whole.

Things could not be otherwise. It remains that research itself suffers when each scientist, burrowing away in his own special tunnel as if he were some efficient and myopic mole, operates like a complete maverick, like a miner who is digging ever deeper, almost utterly unaware of the discoveries made by fellow workers in neighboring galleries, and even more so of the results in distant quarries. What we need are relay stations at every level: anastomosis and coordination points, not only for assembling the spoils but above all for comparing different processes. When it comes to rigorous investigation, genius almost always involves borrowing a proven method or fruitful hypothesis and using it in a field where no one had previously imagined that it could be applied.

Nature is one. Its laws are everywhere the same, or at least, they are in accord and coherent and correspond to each other in the different kingdoms, longitudes, and latitudes. Each science explores a specific segment, that is, examines a set of phenomena, data, individuals, or reactions displaying similar or parallel properties. But without being arbitrary, the limits that determine these sets often are still deceptive. In any case, they were determined by means of a criterion that, even if it

were the best one, necessarily excluded all the rest. Before classifying vertebrates as mammals, birds, batrachians, reptiles, or fish, they were grouped according to the number of feet they had. Horses were put into the same category as frogs and turtles. A more thoroughgoing analysis subsequently led people to select other, less evident but more important discriminants. The evolution of science partly lies in the progress of its own classifications: in the determination of basic and truly economical criteria, which gradually take the place of superficial characteristics that “seem obvious,” as one says, and are thus all the more deceptive. These mislead, divide, and delude researchers, instead of guiding them toward the profound, secret, and fruitful relationship. Nonetheless, it should be said that having four feet is an interesting feature as well, with certain specific and ineluctable consequences, which is almost eliminated as an object of study, though, by the new, improved taxonomy. Residual characteristics that have been legitimately disqualified surely give rise to remarkable relationships that are indubitably worth detecting and establishing. Even though they have been excluded, they are by no means insignificant. From another perspective, they might suddenly turn out to be decisive; rather than sterile impasses and labyrinths, they might prove to be major arteries and lines of force. The universe is radiant. It supports any secant, median, chord, or bisectrix. The problem is that specialization encourages scientists to penetrate ever more deeply in the same direction, making it harder for them to discover, observe, or imagine revolutionary perspectives.

Mythography studies the fabulous beliefs connected with certain rituals; psychopathology studies obsessions and delirium; and entomology, the behavior of insects. I thought that I could compare the habits of the praying mantis (or of other animal species in which the female devours the male before or after mating) with the fear of the toothed vagina (a fear often found in certain types of neuropaths) and with the myths of goddesses or femmes fatales whose embrace proves deadly. This is certainly a bold approach, but does that mean it should be rejected out of hand? Aesthetics studies the harmony of lines and colors. Could it not conceivably compare paintings with butterfly wings, for example? Of course, one must keep in mind that a painting is an external work, produced by an individual's free will and skill, whereas the design of a butterfly's coloring is programmed into the organism; it is that species' immutable fate. These distinctions are

fundamental. They must be made clear from the very outset. But once we have defined and measured such undeniable differences, it may be useful to seek to uncover the common denominator for all harmonies of line and color. Such an expansion of our mental field of vision should, in all likelihood, lead to a general theory of beauty in nature and in art.

Similarly, the phenomena of mimicry shows how certain animals assimilate into the background and become almost invisible, while others imitate, and are mistaken for, species that are sometimes very distant. Still others terrify their enemies or paralyze their prey by suddenly unveiling their ocelli – impressive fake eyes – or by sporting useless and monstrous appendages; on occasion, by parading veritable masks, like the fulcras or lantern fly. Here it is impossible not to think, first, of those legends concerning hats or cloaks that make their wearer invisible, and of camouflage techniques; second, of the impulses expressed in mankind by the phenomena of fashion and disguise, carnivals and theater; and finally, of the sacred, institutional terror aroused by the masked and disguised officiants in primitive ceremonies. “Anthropomorphism!” people will say, but it is exactly the opposite. It should be realized that the point is not to explain certain puzzling facts observed in nature in terms of man. On the contrary, it is to explain man (governed by the laws of this same nature, to which he belongs in almost every respect) in terms of the more general behavioral forms found widespread in nature throughout most species. This attitude prompts one to greatly vary the principles of biological explanation and to assert that nature (which is no miser) pursues pleasure, luxury, exuberance, and vertigo just as much as survival. Hence it seems justified to break the framework predicated on the struggle for survival and natural selection. These mainsprings are too strictly and exclusively utilitarian and, in this sense (which contradicts received opinion), they are very closely anthropomorphic; they stem from an ephemeral, local, and dated image mankind once had of itself under very specific conditions. The time has come to invoke “motives” that are just as pressing on a universal scale, such as profusion, play, ivresse, and even aesthetics, or at least the need for ornament and decoration.

Productive exchanges between the human sciences and the natural sciences can be established and developed. The dialogue should be even broader and include the physical sciences. Crystal, for example, has properties akin to those of living matter. For

one thing, it can scar over a break through heightened regenerative activity, in much the same way that a lobster regenerates its claw or a Saurian its tail; for another, it can gradually eliminate foreign bodies accidentally trapped in its well-ordered, homogeneous substance. Last, it seems that the lattices determining the immutable regularity of crystals are identical to those revealed on a cross-section of striated muscle fiber by electron microscope, or to those determining the disposition of leaves on a stalk or of grains on an ear of corn. Here we have auspicious and promising connivances among mineralogy, botany, anatomy, and the sciences of the future that would organize their disparate contributions.

It was not a Hellenist, nor even a philologist, but a specialist in cryptography who managed to decipher the Minoan alphabet: running out of texts to decipher, he happened to have some spare time. If my memory serves, not military strategists but botanists discovered how to most effectively deploy destroyers and thus protect Allied convoys at the height of the Battle of the Atlantic in 1942. The botanists were inspired by the helicoidal leaf pattern on stalks noted above. There are many other examples, even from times past. When Newton discovered that the moon does not fall down to earth whereas an apple inevitably does so owing to the very same force, he connected two facts from realms that were then utterly distinct. Today, nothing remains of this connection, scandalous at the time, except for the anecdote of the dreamer enlightened by falling fruit. But even this trivial relic shows just how original this step was.

Generally speaking, one may already declare that it would not be pointless -quite the contrary- to undertake a thorough study of symmetry, right-handed and left-handed, in everything from man to tartaric acid crystals. And it would be interesting to explore spiral developments (both in shells and nebulae), focusing on the fact that the spiral is the only module in which the demand for symmetry is subject to the constraint of growth. At the same time, we should also look for dissymmetry wherever it occurs and view it as a factor of life, independence, and ultimately freedom-in short, as a force of negative entropy. Probably another useful field of research would be to compare the organizational stages in inanimate, animate, psychological, and social realms, as well as the modalities involved in shifting from one to the other. These are so many fields for the sciences, both permanent and novel,

that I have in the past suggested calling “diagonal.” These sciences bridge the older disciplines and force them to engage in dialogue. They seek to make out the single legislation uniting scattered and seemingly unrelated phenomena. Slicing obliquely through our common world, they decipher latent complicities and reveal neglected correlations. They wish for and seek to further a form of knowledge that would first involve the workings of a bold imagination and be followed, then, by strict controls, all the more necessary insofar as such audacity tries to establish ever riskier transversal paths. Such a network of shortcuts seems ever more indispensable today among the many, isolated outposts spread out along the periphery, without internal lines of communication – which is the site of fruitful research.

— Roger Caillois (1970)

Once Zhuangzi dreamt he was a butterfly, a butterfly flitting and fluttering around, happy with himself and doing as he pleased. He didn't know he was Zhuangzi. Suddenly he woke up and there he was, solid and unmistakable Zhuangzi. But he didn't know if he was Zhuangzi who had dreamt he was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming he was Zhuangzi. Between Zhuangzi and a butterfly there must be some distinction!



Let us suppose that the idea of art can be expanded to embrace the whole range of man-made thing, including all tools and writing in addition to the useless, beautiful, and poetic things of the world. By this view the universe of man-made things simply coincides with the history of art. It then becomes an urgent requirement to devise better ways of considering everything men have made. This we may achieve sooner by proceeding from art rather than from use, for if we depart from use alone, all useless things are overlooked, but if we take the desirableness of things as our point of departure, than useful objects are properly seen as things we value more or less dearly.

In effect, the only tokens of history continually available to our senses are the desirable things made by men. Of course, to say that man-made things are desirable is redundant, and nothing gets made unless it is desirabl

Such things mark the passage of time with far greater accuracy than we know, and they fill time with shapes of a limited variety. Like crustaceans we depend for survival upon an outer skeleton, upon a shell of historic cities and houses filled with things belonging to definable portions of the past. Our ways of describing this visible past are still most awkward. The systematic study of things is less than five hundred years old, beginning with the description of works of art in the artists' biographies of the Italian Renaissance. The method was extended to the description of all kinds of things only after 1750. Today archaeology and ethnology treat of material culture in general. The history of art treats of the least useful and most expressive products of human industry. The family of things begins to look like a smaller family than people once thought.

The oldest surviving things made by men are stone tools. A continuous series runs from them to the things of today. The series has branched many times, and it has often run out into dead ends. Whole sequences of course ceased when families of artisans died out or when civilizations collapsed, but the stream of things never was completely stilled. Everything made now is either a replica or a variant of something made a little time ago and so on back without break to the first morning of human time. This continuous connection in time must contain lesser divisions.

The narrative historian always has the privilege of deciding that continuity cuts better into certain lengths than into others. He never is required to defend his cut, because history cuts anywhere the teller chooses.

For others who aim beyond narration the question is to find cleavages in history where a cut will separate different types of happening. Many have thought that to make the inventory would lead toward such an enlarged understanding. The archaeologists and anthropologists classify things by their uses, having first separated material and mental culture, or things and ideas. The historians of art, who separate useful and aesthetic products, classify this latter by types, by schools, and by styles.

Schools and styles are the products of the long stock-taking of the nineteenth-century historians of art. This stock-taking, however, can not go endlessly; in theory it comes to an end with irreproachable and irrefutable lists and tables. In practice certain words, when they are abused by too common use, suffice

¶

kronosposeidon 01000.png says...

Here's the only thing I can think of, and I know it's half-assed: You know how some people have bowls of fresh fruit sitting on a table somewhere in their homes, often on coffee tables? Well instead of a variety of fresh fruit, this has a variety of cuts of fresh meat. I know that doesn't make it funny, but that's all I can guess.

4 years 2 months 3 weeks ago

up

7

down

flag spam (0)

gwiz665 01000.png says...

^That's it.

blankfist banned.png says...

I think it's missing the caption.

Sarzy 00500.png says...

A) It's not a tumor! I mean, it's not missing a caption. It's not.

B) I doubt it's the meat-for-fruit thing. I mean, where's the joke there? Clearly this isn't one of his greater works, but I think there must be more to it than that.

blankfist banned.png says...

He's obviously poor (busted lamp, broken window, torn drapes), so maybe he was making the joke with the cuts of meat being the opposite of something poor people would have let alone something they'd be able to "put out" on a coffee table. Or maybe the caption is missing? wink.gif

quantumushroom 00100.png says...

The meat is made of wax.

lucky760 00500.png says...

You're all way off. It's so obvious to me.

See, he's a blind guy. That's why he's reading a newspaper with no writing on it. His house is tattered because he can't see the bad condition things are in so he can't fix them. He cut up some fresh fruit in the kitchen to set out in a bowl for his guests, but didn't realize he pulled a ham bone out instead.

Either that or he's so poor he can't afford a TV, so he instead sets out old meat to watch it slowly rot. It's

weeks of entertainment.

blankfist banned.png says...

I was right, the caption was missing. I found it. It is supposed to read, "I've heard of meat in a bowl, but this is ridiculous!"

dystopianfuturetoday 01000.png says...

It's about a guy who's addicted to meat. He reads a newspaper without words and lives in a tattered apartment because he spends all his money on raw meat. Also, Bart Simpson with an ice cream cone on his head is seen sneaking around outside the window, undoubtedly up to mischief.

Is that a human limb sticking out of the bowl?

blankfist banned.png says...

I really think it's that he's poor and meat is an expensive food to set out. And that's not Bart Simpson's head in the window; the window is broken.

Kevlar 00100.png says...

And here I was, thinking it was that he decided to make a meal out of the family cat who scratched the hell out of all the furnishings.

silvercord 00500.png says...

^right.

Sarzy 00500.png says...

I think that's probably the likeliest explanation that I've heard / thought of. The only thing it doesn't explain is the broken window -- how did the cat do that?

Definitely not his best work ever.

Edeot 00025.png says...

Normal people put out bowls of candy or nuts. Normal people have nice things.

Cavemen put out bowls of meat. Cavemen have tattered things.

Now laugh!

paul4dirt 00250.png says...

a reference to one of his other works?

(i didnt know the cartoon before, but now that i've found a couple online i've seen quite a couple of those chairs, cavemen, and windows in combination with lamps)

or maybe this is ned in his younger years and he just cooked the bluebird of happiness that flew in?

<embed src="http://www.lechatnoirboutique.com/prodimages/Coffee%20Mug%20-%20Far%20Side%20Bluebird%20of%20Happiness%20Lg.jpg">

“The artist’s sense of humor, while original, can also be confusing, as in a comic dubbed "Cow Tools", which was widely misunderstood. Another famous example requires the reader to know obscure facts about sea life, a comic that was misunderstood by a marine-biologist friend of his. He also occasionally drew cartoons commenting on celebrities or current events, although these are rare.”

we probably don’t have to know about marine life for this cartoon, but maybe it comments on events from 1983? meh, probly not. ok, i give up.

laura 00100.png says...

I just think it’s funny that the brut has doilies on his armchair.

budzos 00100.png says...

Yeah, I don’t get it. I’ve received the Far Side calendar every year for 20 years from my Aunt and Uncle for Xmas, and I don’t get it.

Amber proby.gif says...

I think you all possibly missed the subtlety in the cartoon.

The place is run-down...tattered drapes, lampshade, etc. Note the broken window...the meat is sitting on the table near that window. What is missing from the house to make it completely ramshackle???

FLIES. The meat is there to attract flies through the broken window in order to complete the ambience of the seedy decor...

HintOfReason proby.gif says...

Yes either the bowl of fruit thing, or maybe the guy axed his wife and decided not to waste the meat. That would explained the large leg-looking pieces, and why his house is a mess.

chawwwy proby.gif says...

It’s so obvious I started an account just to answer this quetion. Look at his hair, his clothing, his arms. He’s a caveman, and instead of fruit, he’s got a bowl of meat. The curtain rod is a stick, the lamp is made from a stick, the fabrics are made of pelt. He could’ve made it all a bit clear with more detail

bobo proby.gif says...

The guy’s a caveman...what bowl of snacks would a caveman have on his coffee table?

MycroftHomlz 00250.png says...

he is waiting for the bear to come back that trashed his house.

Cranionormous proby.gif says...

The meat is bait.....the guy needs a wife

—Zoe Barcza

Etymologie

Skurrilität (ältere Schreibweise Scurrilität) leitet sich ab von lat. scurrilitas, die Possenreißerei und auch von scurra, der Stutzer, Spaßmacher, Possenreißer, der „gewöhnlich aus niederem Stande, um als Schmarotzer am Tische ... Zutritt zu haben, durch plumpe Schmeichelei oderschlechte Witze ... zu belustigen suchte und dabei oft eine sehr verächtliche Rolle spielte“.) Entsprechend lautet das Adjektiv skurril (ältere Schreibweise scurril): possenreißermäßig, possenreißerisch, possenhaft. Vor 1900 war auch das Adjektiv skurrilisch (oder scurrilisch) gebräuchlich wie in der Bezeichnung der Skurrilischen Briefe, die 1769 in Halle erschienen.

Im Englischen hat sich die Grundbedeutung des Wortes deutlicher erhalten als im Deutschen; scurrility ist gleichbedeutend mit vulgarity (dt. Vulgarität).

Heutige Bedeutung

Während Skurrilität früher nur für das Possenhafte und das Reißen von groben, plumpen Scherzen stand, wird es heute gleichgesetzt mit bizarrem, exzentrischem, verschrobenem, absonderlichem, kauzigem, eigenwilligem Verhalten, das als solches nur im Vergleich mit dem es herum ablaufenden Normalen erkannt werden kann.

Weicht das skurrile Verhalten vom Normalverhalten zu weit ab – leidet also die betreffende Person und/oder ihre Umwelt unter diesem Verhalten, so ist – nach den Kriterien von Kurt Schneider – die Grenze zur Pathologie überschritten. Die Übergänge sind fließend.

Skurrilität per se ist nicht komisch oder lustig, da komisch oder lustig von verschiedenen Menschen sehr unterschiedlich empfunden wird. Da Skurrilität aber für den Beobachter meist mit einem Überraschungseffekt verbunden ist (Erkennen eines Andersseins), kann diese, analog zur überraschenden Pointe eines Witzes, zuerst neugierige Aufmerksamkeit und dann einen automatischen Lachreflex auslösen.

Stretching streams; float into the void
Pacific diaries ~ LAGOON ~ Epic snooze ~ Sunset kitten
Kura-skymnings land

Meeting point; Horizon

The stripy cat stares out of the window. Squinting her eyes.

In the hour of wolves and foxes. Monochromatic air between layers

Surface-structures increase. Pass into oblivion.

Lethargy is elevated to the most radiant magnitude of colour. Vanishing, or extending to "infinity", just above eye-level, or so they say.

"Similar bodies of water", from a smile to a grin – The illusion is most effective whenever there is a significant change in elevation;

The rising of walls. The sinking of stones. Orange moon water.

No one feels the tide on the smooth mirroring surface of the lagoon.

He's been sailing for many years, surging for the "split in the image"

Seemingly wasted days "The road to the wall" Always returning

Starting point Kathmandu

Translucent waters around him. *Pacific blues*. He is on a quest, seeking the land of his ancestors, the secret place which cleanses men from eternal death. On the other side of the Fuji Mountain; it's said that who travels to the east, where the world ends, he will reach the lagoon of the eternal waterfall, whose crystal waters grant immortality.

As far as ~ And so they say ~
"Very far away" ~ Upside down even

May 13:

"They" reverse the duties of day and night, and do not open their eyes, heavy with yesterday's drunkenness, until night begins to approach. Captain Pike, such is said to be the condition of those whom nature, as Vergil says, has placed contrary to our dwelling place. Outer body. Form to fluid. Shape-shifting animals and strange vessels.

† r î Δ ∫
 T
 ~ ~ ~ ~

Long-tailed Kitty with the biggest grin

"She's been having this face for quite some time now"

"Growing into the shape of the vessel"

~ ~

Your gaze wanders out the window
Searching danger, white foxes on the shore
"Through distances and volumes"
Scratching your face
You see: nothing
Kitty purrs

"They say you were always looking for the biggest fish"

Formations, the things in the room blur into fields of colours

No one remembers your bad jokes anyways.

"They say in your youth you were riding the great wave of Kanagawa"

Or was it just a dream?

Every time you try and write about it, it changes.

More happens. Information constantly expands.

Where the sky meets the ocean, syntax or a syllable?

Rewrite your story yet again, more things to add

"He had a yellow catfish as his company, joining him all the way from the harbour of Ithaca"

June 16:

"Where those who have commanded mighty vessels of every shape and era can meet, relax, and share a friendly drink or two with others of their calling"

Dear Kuranos, dear John, captain Pike, Mr Lee and Peregrine:

The first round of drinks is always paid for with a story ... "fishy or not".

She grins

Milky whiskers

Are you on your way of becoming something else?

Sniff sniff! (here we go again)

"Some say waves can grow within a second!"

Great acceleration, atmosphere of hybrid signs of the distortion and opacity,

Clouds behind mountains; spectral surfaces "The ideal vessels" he thought

Evil cat, empty your magic hat! Too many things in there!

Thing 1

Thing 2

Some may say *"The organism is nothing but a transition"*

Sounds funny to me

No language, just heads and tails, just a merge of blurry faces appearing once,

Take a good look;

"The voids mirroring the stripes might be larger than they appear."

But you've sailed the seven seas – new transitions – protected in your boat

Catfish dinner. Orange sun

Stoic subsistence; its motionless body is a gaze, another perspective on everything

Metabolic time. Or? Aye! Wind in the sail!

"I shall go behind the mountain. Go there too, O grapefruit-moon.

Night after night we shall keep each other company."

Your hands are casting shadows, animal faces in the bottom of the boat.

Just another breeze.

Suddenly, different variations of a blue background as well as a sense of volumes

Land? Mountains? *A City!*

Between cities, economies and bodies. Fluid fields

"Shadow is in a permanent state of contradiction"

• No one lives here, around these descended pearly beaches.

Down below, salty sea, the thirst drives him to drink from it, lapping like a dog, vomiting, he falls asleep.

Deep water sleep

Cat-dreams ~ Fish-streams

Bonsai-babe- Cathy's riding tide, wave upon wave

Looking like the Seventh Helen of Troy

On the back of a giant Coi,

All the way to Hanoi

~ ~

~

Her physiognomy; "form"

His physiognomy; *"distorted scales of colour"*

No more sensation of body, only stream. The paws of night tighten its grip. As the moonlight, like the good Goethe, went on a diet – three litres of red wine a day, and the orange moon became red like a wound.

Spectacular view! Thin crisp mountain-air

Flashes into the deep blue, flickering eyes reading,

urban myths? Nor good nor bad, centre – void

Transform, edit, cut and paste it apart, written in

reality to reach the new sand bank behind –

Waterfall? lagoon. Nothing

~~

After the thirty-sixth view he shuts his eyelids.

Calmness. The simultaneous use of two or more

conflicting rhythms creates a wave. You know that,

you've been searching for it too long now. You're consistency with the time passed since the departure. Bedtime stories. Reading a few fragments of symbols on the way, wallpaper paintings.

A yellow postcard from Kamchatka
Am I standing or lying down?
Red field, hunched among poppies
"I met an Indian who trained ancient snakes and sold them to Chinese restaurants"
He looked like a young Artaud and stuttered in French
~

Rearrangements, alternative modes,
Wake up sleepy head!
Image is, a blind spot or "after image of itself"?
Crowded room "liberation of form"
From stream, fluid calculation, formlessness of the inner eye
They say; "*artificial limbs, narrowed pupillary of lapis lazuli*"
From Thebes and back
Squeeze your pillow, *talk the talk*
Cartography of human
form, expansion of form, seeking substance, loosing bowtie, drinking milk. *Slurp!*

July:
In order to link one place to another
In order to maximize the distance between
Faring life forms, the flickering image on your retina
– again you're focusing your gaze towards the horizon

You see
Nothing
Δ

~
~ Nothing?

"udnamhtaK"
~ ~ ◇

People in the outskirts of the city
Walking on their bare hands
~

Wagging tails ~
Enter the giant dog-cat mouth;
The lagoon is bottomless
"Spatial lure of the subject, the way in which the subject could inhabit their surroundings."

Thing1: Do you come here often?
Thing2: I've been here for some time now
Alternative states, forking tail
Tophat-cat Kitty
Rides the canoe

Eats fish from a plate
of golden bamboo

The air in the room is sweltering and your body is warm.
Kitty's rubbing her face and winding her seven tails around you and on the legs of the folding chair.
You leave your hotel room. You need coolness pool, in the garden, striped surface/palm tree shadows
Towards the edge and dip your feet
No limiting factors, mirroring or wave formations
The smell of chlorine surrounds you
Tingling, the sensations of cold water and warm air

Split ends;
Phantoms of Fuji Mountain
Fresh water blue/Still no wind
A flash is lightning up the surface, meeting point sharp
Your brain is disabled
Time-limit colour, dragons and dogs in dayflower meadows
Bounded by a canopy
Nocturnal birds singing "*Cocojumbo*"

December:
"Well, then, the Cat went on, you see, a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased.
Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."
The cat seems fishy. Another dawning day, *please Mr Lee, sail away!*

Thing 1: Are you afraid of death?
Thing 2: I do not know.
I cannot answer. I do not know anything anymore since I came to the Sea

~ ~
~ *LEVITATION is*

A blue sky above
Coconut pina-coladas
You feel the coolness of the water deep below. Just outside is the ocean, you think of the sea, shades of cobalt, ultramarine and undefined versions of the darkest Prussian blues to the border on black.
Unpredictable depth

January:
Reaching Kairos;
I must be at the bottom now, or? bare root from kal, Kalis!
She's fishing form, sucking souls and eating faces since Poseidon left her.
"Estimate", uncertain, possibly just another bottom-

less room, again, and again
A white underwater beach of forgotten memories
Kitty and her face-less men, with a towel on her head,
dancing table top-polka

Some of the scenes in front of him seemed to expand, where his flotation machine had been there was a dark lattice. Crystals grew shadowy and the fog swelled, then darkness, then a dazzle of faint prismatic light-tiny complexes in a large three-dimensional matrix, was steadily growing larger. Living shadow?

Are you alone dear stranger, who are you? —
POFF!!!

Dosing off
Drifting on the surface
Alone in a little dark chamber
Metallic waves vibrating, harmless electricity playing on your eardrums.
Deterritorialization, “*natural opiates*”
Floating water disappearance – “*not unlike the final falling asleep, or dreaming in front of a monitor*”
The old man’s yawning, the snake is peeking out:
“*ma – kazu*”

“I dreamed that in the river of Thessaly (into whose water I had thrown it back a golden fish) it was coming to save me ~ ~ ~ puking hairballs”
~Δ~

A sarcophagus

shapes your matter

Acceleration
in these domains, a cast of subterfuge
painted mask and waving tails ~ “In order to capture the shadow start with the body”

Monday Blue
“*I fed the fish with small pieces of yellow-striped cat*”
There is no story but plenty of images, like
“*Orange sun*”, “*Red sun*” or “*Grapefruit-geisha*”
Some say; “*silence before the storm*”
(Silence)
He’s packed his things and trapped the cat in his hat –

~ ~ ~

The wave will enter
Dead ends passage, or

“Just another lagoon behind Fuji Mountain”

—Jenny Kalliokulju

¶ L'heure du loup
(Die Stunde des Wolfes)

Not being able to light a fire in this still warm late afternoon, C drew a circle on the ground with a chalk-rock instead.

“We can sit here and wait for nightfall”

E nodded wordlessly and sat at the exact edge of the circle. C did her utmost to reproduce the same accuracy and crouched down on the exact line of the circle she had just drawn.

“This position is quite fascinating, being exactly at the edge,” he said, looking at her.

“Yes it’s true, I would certainly be more comfortable if I was sitting completely inside” she replied.

“Mmmm maybe. But maybe that’s too simple. So simple that it could be dangerous.”

“Dangerous? I’d have rather said reassuring!”

“It would appear so, yes, it is reassuring, but in fact, once in the center you lose yourself, you can not feel the physical and mental limits of your individual self.”

“And what if I sit outside?”

“Ah, that’s different, in that case you expose yourself to the wild somehow, the uncontrolled part of yourself, your instincts, the wild frenzy caused by your confrontation with a space that is too large, too unknown “.

“I am finally forced to hold my position on the edge, I do not have a choice! There should be almost an extended border, a thicker border, a border where one can wander and not just stand ... “

“This business of an extended edge reminds me of something. Two or three years ago I attended a presentation by a Canadian ethnologist who had studied a pack of wolves for nearly two years in Alaska until witnessing a strange phenomenon and focused only on one wolf.”

The pack was originally composed of seven wolves: 3 females and 4 males. 3 adult wolves, two cubs, one old wolf and one young wolf. Their territory was fairly vast and sufficient for their survival. They would hunt and heckle during the day, covering their surroundings with their urine to mark the perimeter and at night they would sleep close to each other. They had a kind of routine, after some time, their actions could almost become predictable for the eyes of the observer. At the end of the first year of observation the pack was moving more towards the east end of its territory, exploring a little on

«In the changing constellation of the pack, in its dances and expeditions, he will again and again find himself at its edge. He may be in the center, and then, immediately afterwards, at the edge again; at the edge and then back in the center. When the pack forms a ring around the fire, each man will have neighbors to the right and left, but no one behind him; his back is naked and exposed to the wilderness.»

CANETTI Elias, *Crowds and Power*, Penguin Classic, p. 109.

«... walking in the forest she passed by a pile of wolves sleeping on top of each other and she thought to herself : what a really weird way of sleeping !» JOHANSEN B.M, 'The pack of wolves, the shovel, the flying carpet' in *Stories around the Fire*, Altkönig editions, p. 23.

«In becoming wolf, the important thing is the position of the mass, and above all the position of the subject itself in relation to the pack or wolf-multiplicity: how the subject joins or does not join the pack, how far away it stays, how it does or does not hold to the multiplicity.» DELEUZE Gilles, GUATTARI Felix, 'Un seul ou plusieurs loups?' in *Milles Plateaux*, Éditions de Minuit, p. 41.

the outside, so much so that one night they slept outside of their territory. At dawn, they all returned within their lands. All except the young wolf who had fallen asleep a few meters away from the pack. When he woke up, the sun was not yet risen, first he looked for a trail to track them down, but gave up quickly and automatically adopted his new status as a lone wolf. It was rather difficult to understand why the rest of the pack had left without him, and equally difficult to understand why the young wolf was merely accepting the role of pariah without really seeking to restore order. But what was most surprising thereafter, was the behavior of the wolf. He would awaken just at dawn and dusk, spending his nights and days sleeping, or at least lying down, idle. He began to wander, moving towards the cities. He never really ventured into the center or into residential areas, defining his territory in a very fragmentary way. He was seen on construction sites, between piles of tar and piles of fresh earth. Sneaking in-between scaffolding, brushing past the opaque plastic covering the foundations of the future constructions. He also delighted in wastelands, dashing across the cracked tar, breathing in the scent of the wild lilac. He became a part of a "Pioneer" eco-system, colonizing these interstitial spaces. Blocked in a marginal temporality "to come".

C drew a second slightly larger circle, bordering the first.

"So it is here that wanders the lone wolf" she said pointing to the space between the two circles.

—Clémentine Coupau

« The pack, even on its own turf, is constituted by a line of flight or of deterritorialization that is a component part of it [...] »

DELEUZE Gilles, GUATTARI Felix, 'Un seul ou plusieurs loups?' in *Milles Plateaux*, Éditions de Minuit, p. 46.

« To consider the limits as a thickness not as a line » CLÉMENT Gilles, *Manifeste du tiers-paysage*, op. cit., p. 25.



The button that turns everything inside out — photo : P. Keaveney

¶ Notes From Anywhere

“Most events of a general nature draw their causes from the enveloping heavens.”

—Ptolemy, *Tetrabiblos* I.1.

— — —

Considering a short text i had written in a small grey book collected from Tokyo: to better understand objects, is to better understand the future. (This should be referred to and added here in these notes) . But considering objects as anything that could possibly exist – the future is itself an object and i feel there is something of import there worth considering....in the future.
A loop, a memory . . .

— — —

“Time and space can no longer be left as peerless dimensions of the cosmos. Instead, they are shown to arise from the tensions between things and their qualities. And for this reason they are joined by essence (in the classical sense of the term) and eidos (in Husserl’s sense, not Plato’s) as two out of four basic features of the fabric of the world.”

—from Graham Harman “Time, Space, Essence and Eidos”

In the phenomenology of E. Husserl, eidos, or rather its Latin translation species, designates the highest intellectual abstraction that is nonetheless a concrete, obvious, and entirely independent given. “concrete manifest-ness,” or “physical or plastic givenness in thought.”

NOV062012

— — —

The preoccupation with the matter of Origins is simultaneously a preoccupation with place, the situated, and thereby, an investigation into belonging. This is seemingly always a looking back to, a search for the initial, the primordial.

Humanity enacts this search under the assumption that they in fact do not belong, or do not experience belonging – at least not without some historical instantiation, some singular site, something authentic. However, and undoubtedly, our origin is as much futural as it is present and former. That is to say it is a multiple. But this preoccupation, this looking back, abstracts the truer place, and

as a result, maintains our abstraction from life the universe and everything – that is it posits humanity itself as an abstraction. The old dialectics still reign tyrannical here.

If we could direct our perceptions in these matters forwards – literally in time – it would require that we relinquish this belief in ourselves as not belonging, as without place, as abstractions.

This inversion of origin or genesis from historical past to futural possibility reinforces our ontology in the greater picture. . .

OCT292012

— — —

Ganymede is the only natural satellite in the Solar System known to possess a magnetosphere...

“Not how the world is, is the mystical, but that it is”.
Wittgenstein, *Tractatus* – 6.44

But there is still the problem of "who will keep the cosmos working".

Armillary spheres were among the first complex mechanical devices. Their development led to many improvements in techniques and design of all mechanical devices. Renaissance scientists and public figures often had their portraits painted showing them with one hand on an armillary sphere, which represented the height of wisdom and knowledge. The Ambassadors, Holbein the Younger 16th c. eg.

Ganymede was afterwards also regarded as the genius of the fountains of the Nile, the life-giving and fertilizing river. Thus the divinity that distributed drink to the gods in heaven became the genius who presided over the due supply of water on earth.

— — —

Theres a dark train passing by, and by the time i’ve written these words, it has passed. Regardless of my direct aerial view of the tracks I could never see it, only hear it and feel it passing, rumbling its way from somewhere to anywhere – just like that. For some reason it had no lights, and therefore, no physical form. So i begin to wonder, was it a train or a low flying plane causing these sensations. But then i see the shadows differ between themselves, a sort of butoh, a dance of darkness just below my window, tremoring my room and entire body here in the cold of night.

OCT222012

the future programming of the present-past is occurring, occulted in the electromagnetic spectrum of the worlds global brain, or telecommunications networkology – that is that entities of our overtime have access to us and are attempting to deliver the future-present from an ongoing and devastating conflict – the types of which we cannot fathom – the pseudo future of now is remapping trajectories by manipulating contemporaries past, ie: us, now, through a formal practice of topological dream insertions. the threat to all forms of intelligence and existence that has ever, in the cosmoic time-space-refractor, ever been experienced, everything is so suddenly on the line, because “it”, this ongoing and brutal war manages to erase all, the entirety of multi-history.

regardless of our past-presence in the making, the constructed proclamations of similar sentiments have been very badly appropriated as past-contemporary propaganda slaughterhouses to deal only, benignly, with irrelevancies the likes of which no one had wished to know. for example the fact that the speculative baguette-bird-drop did not halt the ability to find the infamous Higgs Boson, shows that either the future does not have sufficient capacity to do such a time-travelling infiltration, or that, what is more likely, the future is in no way concerned with such endeavours, and actually is partially embedded in the births of such discoveries and projects anyways.

what matters here most is the sure and complete hysteria of our post-contemporary situation – and the absolute irreality of the techniques, technologies, and omniscience of this situation being felt so drastically in advance, in the fundamental intuition of times here-now o'clock. if we are not enough already in a sobering desperation at the calamity of our fwd linear history, we are sure to be traumatized by the perils of the future (now so rampantly at the vanguard of self-conscious beings of all shapes and sizes, right and left handed ones, ones with other gases than oxygen, baryonic or other matters, ///

certain objects in their noumena exposed,
leaking radioactive dreams-
revealing forces
the likes of which
no one has ever had the conditions for knowing -
outside of dreams and deliriums,

schizophreniacs and medicine men,
autistics and experimental neuro-psychologizers,
irreverent aleatorics, and wonderous meta harmon-
ics of the oneiric technologists,
can deliver a polyphonic ecstasy wish-death preser-
vation system
at no charge to your encoded
neocortical singularity mainframe

onto-physical epistem-geneses in contraceptive
prophylactics near the birth canal black hole medi-
tative event horizon, where the dividing lines lie
between an electromagnetic event turned sex-wet
bio-generative explanation of a universes founda-
tional dna sequence and cloud nomos of sovereign
territorial redistribution discrepancies – see nicara-
gua/costa rica dispute 2010 -

experimentis
manta-womanta ray
spectrum cohesion
totentanz

intensify magnificent magnify

the irrational reasoning of rationality and its rea-
sons
untenable shock awe of anthropo self-realization
conundrums unaccounted for usually
the mea culpa delusion inherent in the perception of
realisms

transcendentally incorporated bliss turned to terror
shitting mantle eruption of the human psyche and
its inability to cope with brushing its teeth or at least
not even blood-bedding for fear of the complicity
of the female organs ultimate pleasure in ruthlessly
sabotaging dastardly male psychophantics, megaloman-
iacal hum-buckling jaw collapse malnutrition.

when the future comes careful not to destroy your
mind, and the bad things infect your ribs with their
spittle, in the end all you can do is continue your
practice of obsequious obesity manners in the gar-
den burning soil depletion of flesh-bone-marrow-
wrappings,...
history in the place of teleology, 'heaven', the
akashic records

there was also a time when the left handed people
were brutally murdered or sacrificed for their alter-
ity- and this happened across cultures on planet
earth – not merely in medieval europa.

— — — — —
“We have to look for routes of power our teachers never imagined or were encouraged to avoid”
Thomas Pynchon – Gravity’s Rainbow

— — — — —
Individual constellation areas do not sum to the actual sky area of 41,252.961249419271031294671466 156 square degrees due to rounding.
— — — — —

Teilhard de Chardin, Giordano Bruno, Roger Penrose, Thales of Miletus, Callisto, Toroidal Inversion mechanism, Enactive Approach to a Dynamic Cognitive Science, Gurdjieff, Hacker Ethic from the Renaissance to tomorrow, Schumann Resonances, Meillassoux, General Ecology, MUL.APIN

— — — — —
What is at stake is everything we take for granted. Those things we used to call metaphysics, but now call speculation – that is the foundations of our knowledge and being in the world – an undogmatic absolute. Questioning the imposed limits to perception is questioning the processes of the subjectivizable body, now made into a cyborg algorithm with processes occurring in microseconds. New durations of light and time superluminally engage us and beckon to us for change: Transindividuation – Is it Gaia or the Global Brain.... the noosphere? Is it our city or our cosmos? Undoubtedly the answer is yes, yes it is.
— — — — —

Atlas and his brother Menoetius sided with the Titans in their war against the Olympians, the Titanomachy. When the Titans were defeated, many of them (including Menoetius) were confined to Tartarus, but Zeus condemned Atlas to stand at the western edge of Gaia (the Earth) and hold up Uranus (the Sky) on his shoulders, to prevent the two from resuming their primordial embrace. Thus, he was Atlas Telamon, “enduring Atlas,” and became a doublet of Koios, the embodiment of the celestial axis around which the heavens revolve.
— — — — —

A life spent making mistakes is not only more honorable, but more useful than a life spent doing nothing — George Bernard Shaw

— — — — —
Electrum is mentioned in an expedition sent by Pharaoh Sahure of the Fifth dynasty of Egypt (see Sahure). It is also discussed by Pliny the Elder in his *Naturalis Historia*.

Electrum is possibly referred to three times in the Bible (i.e. if the Septuagint’s translation of the uncertain term $\pi \psi \mu \lambda$ is accurate). In all three instances it is used to describe a type of glow seen in visions by the prophet Ezekiel (Ezekiel Ch.1 Vs.4 and 27; Ch. 8 Vs. 2). The word also appears in Sumerian texts; for instance, in the lost book, when Enki tells his master scribe (Edubsar) to write down all that he says, the text mentions a stylus of electrum with a crystal at the tip that glowed.

— — — — —
“...Cyberneticization as the technological condition of the general ecology of thought” / the absolute prioritization of mediation // The fundamental principle of ecology: Being is relation ///
Erich Hörl

— — — — —
An historic-socio-cultural epoché is to be performed or discovered

Man’s mind and spirit grow with the space in which they are allowed to operate. — Krafft A. Ehrlicke

zenographic = Measured with reference to the surface of the planet Jupiter.

Cicero also had an influence on modern astronomy. Nicolaus Copernicus, searching for ancient views on earth motion, said that he “first ... found in Cicero that Hicetas supposed the earth to move.” According to John William Mackail, “Cicero’s unique and imperishable glory is that he created the language of the civilized world, and used that language to create a style which nineteen centuries have not replaced, and in some respects have hardly altered.”

De Officiis (On Duties or On Obligations) is an essay by Marcus Tullius Cicero divided into three books, in which Cicero expounds his conception of the best way to live, behave, and observe moral obligations. *Cicero claims that the absence of political rights corrupts moral virtues.* Cicero also speaks of a natural law that is said to govern both humans and gods alike. In the 18th century, Voltaire said of *De Officiis* “No one will ever write anything more wise.”

Thucydides has been dubbed the father of “scientific history”, because of his strict standards of evidence-gathering and analysis in terms of cause and effect without reference to intervention by the gods, as outlined in his introduction to his work. “But, the bravest are surely those who have the clearest vision of what is before them, glory and danger alike, and yet notwithstanding, go out to meet it.” A hundred years later, philosopher David Hume, wrote that:
 [T]he first page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real history. All preceding narrations are so intermixed with fable, that philosophers ought to abandon them to the embellishments of poets and orators.
 Friedrich Nietzsche wrote that the best antidotes for Platonism were to be found in Thucydides: “My recreation, my predilection, my cure, after all Platonism, has always been Thucydides. Thucydides and perhaps Machiavelli’s principle are most closely related to me owing to the absolute determination which they show of refusing to deceive themselves and of seeing reason in reality – not in “rationality,” and still less in “morality.”

— — —
 ///the dimension of alterity that is required for any process whatsoever – Meillassoux (!)
 we must appraise civilization in relation to its territory and in relation to its duration – Innis
 ceteris paribus

Coeval is a term used in anthropology to refer to the attribute of being both contemporary and simultaneous or synchronous; while “simultaneous” or “synchronous” means “taking place at the same time” and “contemporary” means “being of the same era,” the term “coeval” refers to both attributes.

—Jol Thomson

¶ *

Air Police will have lists of all owners.

12 DAY – AIR SHOT – B-90 “LEPER COLONY”

13 DAY – INT. B-90 – VARIOUS CUTS

The crew is still wistfully absorbed in their magazines.

13a CU – CRM-114

It whirrs to life again. Clicking off three letters and three numerals.

13b CU – LT. TOEJAM – RADIO

He idly glances up at it. Sighs, reaches for his code book and starts decoding. He frowns.

LT. TOEJAM

Hey, King. Somebody at Burpelson has a very perverted sense of humor.

MAJOR KONG

(reading)

Yeah?

LT. TOEJAM

I just got another blast on the CRM-114, and the damned thing decodes: Wing Attack, Plan-R.

13c CU – PILOT – MAJOR “KING” KONG

He looks up pensively.

MAJOR KONG

Wing attack, Plan-R?

13d MASTERSHOT

LT. TOEJAM

Wing attack, Plan-R. That’s exactly what it says.

MAJOR KONG

(lets magazine fall in lap)

Check your code again. No one at base would pull a stunt like that, Terry.

* Included by Elisa Caldana.

Extract from the “Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb” screenplay co-written by Stanley Kubrick, Peter George, Terry Southern – p.13

LT. TOEJAM

That's what I'm doing, and it comes out
the same.

There is a pause as they think of the unthinkable.

LT. "BINKY" BALLMUFF

(standing)

You must have made a mistake.

¶ S a r d i n e s I n ' 7 6 *

Man lernt hier sehr wenig, es fehlt an Lehrkräften, und wir Knaben vom Institut Benjamenta werden es zu nichts bringen, d. h., wir werden alle etwas sehr Kleines und Untergeordnetes im späteren Leben sein. Der Unterricht, den wir genießen, besteht hauptsächlich darin, uns Geduld und Gehorsam einzuprägen, zwei Eigenschaften, die wenig oder gar keinen Erfolg versprechen. Innere Erfolge, ja. Doch was hat man von solchen? Geben einem innere Errungenschaften zu essen? Ich möchte gern reich sein, in Droschken fahren und Gelder verschwenden. Ich habe mit Kraus, meinem Schulkameraden, darüber gesprochen, doch er hat nur verächtlich die Achsel gezuckt und mich nicht eines einzigen Wortes gewürdigt. Kraus besitzt Grundsätze, er sitzt fest im Sattel, er reitet auf der Zufriedenheit, und das ist ein Gaul, den Personen, die galoppieren wollen, nicht besteigen mögen. Seit ich hier im Institut Benjamenta bin, habe ich es bereits fertiggebracht, mir zum Rätsel zu werden. Auch mich hat eine ganz merkwürdige, vorher nie gekannte Zufriedenheit angesteckt. Ich gehorche leidlich gut, nicht so gut wie Kraus, der es meisterlich versteht, den Befehlen Hals über Kopf dienstfertig entgegenzustürzen. In einem Punkt gleichen wir Schüler, Kraus, Schacht, Schilinski, Fuchs, der lange Peter, ich usw., uns alle, nämlich in der vollkommenen Armut und Abhängigkeit. Klein sind wir, klein bis hinunter zur Nichtswürdigkeit. Wer eine Mark Taschengeld hat, wird als ein bevorzugter Prinz angesehen. Wer, wie ich, Zigaretten raucht, der erregt ob der Verschwendung, die er treibt, Besorgnis. Wir tragen Uniformen. Nun, dieses Uniformtragen erniedrigt und erhebt uns gleichzeitig. Wir sehen wie unfreie Leute aus, und das ist möglicherweise eine Schmach, aber wir sehen auch hübsch darin aus, und das entfernt uns von der tiefen Schande derjenigen Menschen, die in höchst eigenen aber zerrissenen und schmutzigen Kleidern dahergehen. Mir z. B. ist das Tragen der Uniform sehr angenehm, weil ich nie recht wußte, was ich anziehen sollte. Aber auch in dieser Beziehung bin ich mir vorläufig noch ein Rätsel. Vielleicht steckt ein ganz, ganz gemeiner Mensch in mir. Vielleicht aber besitze ich aristokratische Adern. Ich weiß es nicht. Aber das Eine weiß ich bestimmt: Ich werde eine reizende, kugelrunde Null im späteren Leben sein. Ich werde als alter Mann junge, selbstbewußte, schlecht erzogene Grobiane bedienen müssen, oder ich werde betteln, oder ich werde zugrunde gehen.

*

December 1, 1969

The Consulate General of Sweden
Bengt Rosio
P. O. Box 66327
Houston, Texas 77006

Dear Consulate General:

I am sorry to have missed the cocktail party I was invited to. I was still in Sweden at the time of the arrival of the invitation and did not come back in time.

I am looking forward to meeting you soon. In the meantime, I am sure you are interested in my observations and experiences in Sweden this past month. Your comments will be appreciated.

Sincerely yours,
HOLLAND IMPORT COMPANY
of Houston, Inc.
Hendrik C. Gillebaard
President

... ..

December 1, 1969

SWEDEN NOW Magazine
Warfvinges vag 26
Fact, S-104 25
Stockholm 30, Sweden

Attention: Editor,
Editorial Office

Dear. Sir:

For more than fifteen years we have been doing business with Sweden and we are one of the larger hardboard importers of the United States. I have made many trips abroad in the past, which have been most pleasant but my last trip, from which I just returned, was a most disturbing and disgusting experience. So much so that I plan to cancel Swedish business and refused to fly SAS back to the states.

To be fair I would like to elaborate as to how this American suddenly acquired such strong feelings. In the early part of November, I went to Sweden

to purchase my annual requirements. From the beginning, in my conversation with various Swedes I noticed when they found out I was an American a rather hostile feeling appeared. Many places I went, politics were brought into the conversation and some of the ridiculous and bias statements told to me without any chance for rebuttal were quite disturbing. While watching the TV or attempting to read your local papers, there was an imprint of a strong anti-American feeling. I still was not too upset since many Swedish businessmen I talked with appeared to be a bit concerned themselves. On Saturday, the 15th of November I checked into the Grand Hotel in Stockholm and the following Sunday, having nothing to do, I decided to go to the museum next door to the Grand Hotel. When I was ready to leave the museum someone suggested that I walk down the road a bit and go to the Museum of Modern Art that I might find it interesting. I decided to do this and I noticed many people were going in the same direction. When we reached the museum there were hundreds of people trying to get in. Thinking that this really must be a good visit, I patiently waited in line and followed the crowd. When I got inside I noticed many people looking at some of the modern abstract paintings but the majority were going into the back where I heard some music. Curiously I followed the crowd until I came into an open room in the back of the building. What I saw there was one of the most disgusting sights I have ever seen in all of my travels. The walls were plastered with anti-American posters praising black power, revolutions and anything communistic. On the walls were posters declaring the United States the new fascists." On the far end of this room there was a band with two white and one colored persons. When the music stopped the colored person came with a collection box requesting in broken Swedish donations for North Vietnam. When I told him I did not speak Swedish, he then in English requested a donation and, when I refused, he said "Oh, you are one of those." He went back to the bandstand and talked to the white fellows. Not paying any attention to them I went to a stand in the middle of the floor. This stand sold books about American fascism, the slavery that presently existed in the United States, Mao's thoughts in Swedish, and Black Panther papers, etc., etc. As I looked around I became more and more disgusted and angry. Having my camera with me I started to take some pictures of the wall posters. As I was taking these pictures, suddenly someone yelled "Fascist Pig", "American Pig", and "American Fascist."

Looking around I was shocked to find the people from the band were directing their comments to me. In no time flat many people surrounded me looking at me rather angrily and advised me I had better get the hell out of there. Realizing the hopelessness of the situation, I got the hell out of there fast. I walked the one-half mile back to the Grand Hotel, getting angrier as I got closer to the hotel. Once I got back to the hotel, the first thing I did was to pick up the phone and canceled my SAS ticket and booked myself on the first American plane out of Sweden back to the states.

Had this been a private house I would have still been angry but my actions would not have been as hasty. This incident, however, occurred in a public museum. If I understand the financial setups of museums throughout the world, they are either government or city sponsored. Since this incident occurred in government or city sponsored house, I could not but feel that this must be the attitude of the Swedish government.

Most people in the United States up to this point are not aware of the anti-American feeling that exists in Sweden. Unless I can get a satisfactory answer from Swedish representatives I will make it my personal aim to bring this fact out in the open to the American public. I have the pictures of the wall posters and have many connections and friends in congress and I am convinced that once this ball starts to roll, it would snowball.

Disagreement of one's policies or political viewpoints are understandable but hypocritical lies and actions and venom propaganda is something we do not expect from a country supposed to be neutral. The Swedes tell me that they don't understand the prejudicism we have in this country. It does not exist in Sweden. Yet on your television sets, some gypsies settled outside Stockholm and, from what I understood, the government was trying to send the gypsies out of Sweden. This is not called prejudicism?

As I was preparing my letters to the congress, the mail was brought in with a copy of the "SWEDEN NOW" magazine. It was at that moment that I decided here is a group of businessmen trying to promote Swedish products. Certainly they would be most interested in the feelings of an American citizen now setting foot on Swedish soil. I have never read any letters to the editor in your magazine but I would like to see this printed. If not, I would appreciate your comments before I decide to start my

campaign and, if possible, to see that the contents of this letter reaches the proper authorities.

Thanking you, I remain
Sincerely yours
HOLLAND IMPORT COMPANY
of Houston, Inc.
Hendrik C. Gillebaard
President

Hcg: co
cc: *Bengt Rosio*
P.O. Box 66327
Houston, Texas 77006

... ..

Houston, Texas December 13, 1969

The Consulate General of Sweden
Bengt Rosio
P.O. Box 66327
Houston, Texas 77006

Ref. HP 1
Mr. Hendrik C. Gillebaard, President
Holland Import Company of Houston, Inc.
6811 Silsbee
P.O. Box 33216
HOUSTON, Texas 77033

Dear Mr. Gillebaard,

Your letter of December 1st reached me today upon my return to Houston after a fortnight's absence. You requested my comments on your letter to the Editor of Sweden Now. They are the following:

People you met in a Swedish museum were anti-American. Museums can be subsidized by the Government. You therefore conclude that the Swedish Government is anti-American. Applying the same reasoning, one might note that students at American universities have participated in anti-U.S. Government demonstrations. Universities can be subsidized by the Government. It could then be concluded that the U.S. Government demonstrates against itself.

Around the same time as you were in Stockholm, the Swedish capital, six employees in the Swedish Embassy in Washington, the U.S. capital, were, on

different occasions, victims of assault, robbery, burglary and theft. None of them has quit his or her job. None of them has stopped buying American goods. None of them refuses to fly American airlines.

You have made business trips to Sweden but do not know the language. You now contemplate elucidating the U.S. Congress on the situation in Sweden. At this moment, a considerable number of American journalists, diplomats, businessmen, researchers, writers, students and others are working in Sweden to collect and transmit accurate and reliable information. Most of them have been in Sweden for years. Many of them know Swedish.

Like the United States, Sweden believes in freedom of thought and in freedom of expression. The Government does not dictate what individuals should think, and each man speaks for no one but himself. The man who solicited a contribution to North Vietnam was, you say, colored. There is no indigenous colored population in Sweden and in all likelihood he was not Swedish. The odds are actually that that anti-American person was himself an American. Virtually everybody in Sweden abhors war. Most Swedes are critical of the U.S. engagement in Vietnam. Only few are anti-American in the sense that they are hostile to the American people or to those United States of America to which, through the centuries, so many hundreds of thousands of Swedes have emigrated.

Nevertheless, there are people in Sweden who are anti-American. However, I do not think that this world in which we live will get better by anyone trying to make more Americans anti-Swedish. I would like to see more pro-American Swedes and more pro-Swedish Americans, and in that spirit I shall continue to work. In that spirit I shall also remain at your service for any information you may request about my country, be it for commercial, political, educational or any other purpose.

I am, Sir,
Yours sincerely
Bengt Rosio
Consul General of Sweden at Houston

c.c (together with copy of incoming letter) to:
1. Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Stockholm
2. Editor, Sweden Now, Stockholm
3. Swedish Embassy, Washington
4. Swedish Information Service, New York
5. Swedish Chamber of Commerce, New York

¶

The entire history of human civilization and organization, its development and progresses, in mind, in life, in knowledge and understanding, its outstanding coalescing dynamism, is one that has been undoubtedly troubled, tentative, precarious, and resting heavily on the shoulders of those brave enough, willing to turn their faces into the winds, against the currents, to experiment openly, concisely, without fear of failure, resentment, or punishment, and to journey out into the unknown, to push the limits of what we're told to think, to know, have, do or perceive – to reclaim, to reinterpret, to move beyond imposed borders of all domains – to celebrate the potential, the wonder, and the generosity of a Life truly worthy of our most profound ideals. The entire domain of knowledge and understanding in all fields rests on so many mistakes, happy accidents and complete misfortune – Albert Einstein once said, “anyone who has never made a mistake has never tried anything new.” and James Joyce: “Mistakes are the portals of discovery”. Yet all around us a century later the hegemonic rational logic of a plasticized, enslaved, machinic existence without hope, dream, wonder or curiosity, promoted and upheld all around us.

If you require more, a future, a sustainable projection for living healthy, clean, open and embracing, then do not be afraid, do not falter, go on into the unknown, make mistakes, turn back, regroup with your friends, be called crazy, and head back out there you brave stalwarts, freaks, harbingers and maniacs – we're growing in numbers and visions, in knowledge and communication, we're learning everyday, every hour, and we will never be afraid of experimentation, irrationality or pitiless words from the burping masters.

Without the courage and misfortunes of all the people involved in our ever so short lived development, we would be lost in the torture chambers of greed, suspicion, manipulation and slavery – to name only a few antagonisms we anyways know all too well .

Are you so comfortable with the state of the Globe? Everything ok with you and your brothers and sisters in humanity? You feeling clean and brave under the gauntlet of manipulation that destroys our common identity and respect, the very Earth which reared us, here in this vast and obscure cosmos? Hmm? You happy to do as you are told? We're reclaiming a future: Better Living

for All – Mind and Matter – with more courage,
more confidence, more curiosity and aspiration.
All calamity on the road ahead included, expected,
and awaited. We're not content, we do not bow
down to masters. We speak our hungry and voracious
minds, we build from the ground up or the stars
down, and we will not be fouled by whispers,
slander or petty fears. At its very best Art has been
– and must recover and reenforce its status as – the
bastion of the irrational, future, and spirit – the
solace of the sensible and sensitive – – we knock
hard, head-on against walls, sometimes we break
through, . . . are we getting through?

—Jol Thomson
for a future
for a Coeval
2013

¶ s a y m y n a m e , s a y m y n a m e

Der Titel „say my name, say my name“ spielt
ironisch mit Aufmerksamkeit sowie Selbstverher-
lichung und ist eine Referenz an den Song 'Say
My Name' von Destiny's Child. Im Lied fordert
die Protagonistin am Telefon ihren Partner, auf
ihren Namen zu nennen, da sie ahnt, von ihrem
Freund betrogen zu werden. Das Motiv ist weniger
Kontrolle oder Bevormundung des Gegenübers,
sondern für selbstverantwortliches und selbst-
bestimmtes Handeln inklusive der Konsequenzen
einzustehen.

Die Ausstellung markiert den Übergang vom Stu-
dentendasein in das Berufsleben als Künstler. Man
verlässt also einen gesicherten Hafen. Spätestens
jetzt muss man die eigene Karriere, das eigene
Schicksal selbst in die Hand nehmen, sein eigenes
Leben nach seinen eigenen Vorstellungen gestalten
und leben, unabhängig von äußeren Bedingungen
und Voraussetzungen; man muss die Herausforder-
ungen des Lebens selbst bewältigen und nicht auf
die Hilfe anderer warten.

Unter dem Titel „say my name, say my name“
präsentieren 33 junge Künstlerinnen und Künstler
Werke in den unterschiedlichsten Medien wie
Installation, Malerei, Bildhauerei, Fotografie, Film
und Performance:

Bianca Baldi, Khaled Barakeh, Zoe Barcza, An-
dreas Bülow Cosmus, Elisa Caldana, Clémentine
Coupau, Zuzanna Czebatul, Elif Erkan, Christoph
Esser, Genoveva Filipovic, Flaka Haliti, Daniel
Hörl, Young Joo Lee, Vytautas Jurevicius, Jenny
Kalliokulju, Anne Kaniut, Patrick Keaveney,
Johanna Kintner, Martin Kohout, Tonio Kröner,
Kristian Laudrup Hansen, Erik Lavesson, Jan-
nis Marwitz, Melanie Matthieu, Seth Pick, Laura
Schawelka, René Schohe, Sam Siwe, Young-in
Son, Daniel Stempfer, Franziska von Stenglin, Jol
Thomson, Moritz Uebele

Ich wünsche allen, dass sie ihren Weg finden und
dass ihnen die Freude an der Kunst bleibt!

—Bernd Reiß

—Bianca Baldi
*1985 Johannesburg, South Africa
Prof. Judith Hopf
2010 – University IUAV of Venice, Italy
2007 – Michaelis School of Fine Art, University of Cape Town, South Africa

—Khaled Barakeh
*1976 Damascus Suburb, Syria
Prof. Simon Starling
2010 – MA, Funen Art Academy, Denmark
2005 – Fine Arts, Damascus University, Syria

—Zoe Barcza
*1984 Toronto, Canada
Prof. Douglas Gordon
2013 – Kungliga Konsthögskolan, Stockholm, Sweden
2007 – BA, University of Toronto, Canada

—Elisa Caldana
*1986 Pordenone, Italy
Prof. Simon Starling
2012 – Master in Visual Art, Iuav University of Venice, Italy
2008 – Bachelor in Visual Art and Theatre, Iuav University of Venice, Italy

—Andreas Bülow Cosmus
*1984 Copenhagen, Denmark
Prof. Douglas Gordon

—Clémentine Coupau
*1988 Bordeaux, France
Prof. Simon Starling
2011 – MA Fine Art, École des beaux-arts de Bordeaux, France
2009 – BA Fine Art, École des beaux-arts de Bordeaux, France

—Zuzanna Czebatul
*1986 Międzyrzecz, Poland
Prof. Willem de Rooij
2012 – Cooper Union New York, USA
2010 – UdK Berlin, Germany

—Elif Erkan
*1985 Ankara, Turkey
Prof. Willem de Rooij

—Christoph Esser
*1982 Essen, Germany
Prof. Tobias Rehberger
2011 – Folkwanghochschule, Essen, Germany

—Genoveva Filipovic
*1986 Frankfurt am Main, Germany
Prof. Michael Krebber

—Flaka Haliti
*1982 Prishtina, Kosovo
Prof. Judith Hopf
2006 – Bachelor of Graphic Design, Academy of Arts, Prishtina University, Kosovo

—Daniel Hörll
*1982 Fulda, Germany
Prof. Tobias Rehberger
2011 – Academy of Fine Arts Nuremberg, Germany
2007 – Master school for stonemasons and stone sculptures Freiburg im Breisgau, Germany

—Kristian Laudrup Hansen
*1987 Hvidovre, Denmark
Prof. Michael Krebber
2009 – Basic Studies, Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts' School of Visual Art, Copenhagen, Denmark

—Vytautas Jurevicius
*1981 Palanga, Lithuania
Prof. Simon Starling

—Jenny Kalliokulju
*1986 Bjuv, Sweden
Prof. Christa Näher
2012 – Kungliga Konsthögskolan, Stockholm, Sweden
2008 – Gerlesborgsskolan, Stockholm, Sweden
2007 – Fria Målarskolan, Halmstad, Sweden

—Anne Kaniut
*1980 Hadamar, Germany
Prof. Christa Näher
2009 – Freie Malerei, Academy of Fine Arts Nuremberg, Germany

—Patrick Keaveney
*1984 Melbourne, Australia
Prof. Simon Starling
2006 – BA in Fine Art: Sculpture and Combined Media, Limerick School of Art and Design, Ireland

—Johanna Kintner
*1986 Weingarten (Kreis Ravensburg), Germany
Prof. Judith Hopf
2011 – Studies of Fine Art, Trondheim Academy of Fine Art, Norway
2009 – Studies of Sculpture, Alanus University of Arts and Social Sciences, Alfter, Germany

—Martin Kohout
*1984 Prague, Czech Republic
Prof. Simon Starling
2011 – Absolvent, UdK, Berlin, Germany
2010 – BA, Film Academy FAMU, Prague, Czech Republic

—Tonio Kröner
*1984 Datteln, Germany
Prof. Michael Krebber
2013 – Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna, Austria

—Erik Lavesson
*1982 Uppsala, Sweden.
Prof. Douglas Gordon

—Young Joo Lee
*1987 Seoul, South Korea
Prof. Douglas Gordon
2008 – BA, Painting Dept., Hong-ik Arts University, Seoul, South Korea

—Jannis Marwitz
*1985 Nürnberg, Germany
Prof. Willem de Rooij
2012 – Hochschule für bildende Künste, Hamburg, Germany

—Melanie Matthieu
*1989 Aalst, Belgium
Prof. Willem de Rooij
2010 – Bachelor of Visual Arts, Saint Lukas University of Arts & Design, Brussels, Belgium

—Seth Pick
*1985 Reading, UK
Prof. Michael Krebber
2008 – Goldsmiths College, London, UK

—Laura Schawelka
* 1988 Munich, Germany
Prof. Tobias Rehberger

—René Schohe
*1987 Aschaffenburg, Germany
Prof. Christa Näher

—Sam Siwe
*1985 Jönköping, Sweden
Prof. Michael Krebber
2009 – BA Valand School of Fine Arts, Gothenburg, Sweden

—Young-in Son
*1980 Seoul, South Korea
Prof. Christa Näher
2011 – Painting studies, Academy of Fine Arts, Munich, Germany
2008 – Painting studies, Chungang, Seoul, South Korea

—Daniel Stempfer
*1985 Braunau am Inn, Austria
Prof. Willem de Rooij
2011 – Sculpture and Environmental Art, Glasgow School of Art, UK
2008 – German Literature and Philosophy, Humboldt University Berlin, Germany
2007 – Guest Student Film Editing, Film-Academy Vienna, Austria

—Franziska von Stenglin
*1984 Munich, Germany
Prof. Simon Starling
2008 – BA Fine Art Photography, London College of Communication London University of the Arts, UK

—Jol Thomson
*1981 Canada
Prof. Simon Starling
2009 – University of Toronto, Canada

—Moritz Uebele
*1985 Frankfurt am Main, Germany
Prof. Douglas Gordon
2011 – BA Visual & Motion Design, Berliner Technische Kunsthochschule, Berlin, Germany